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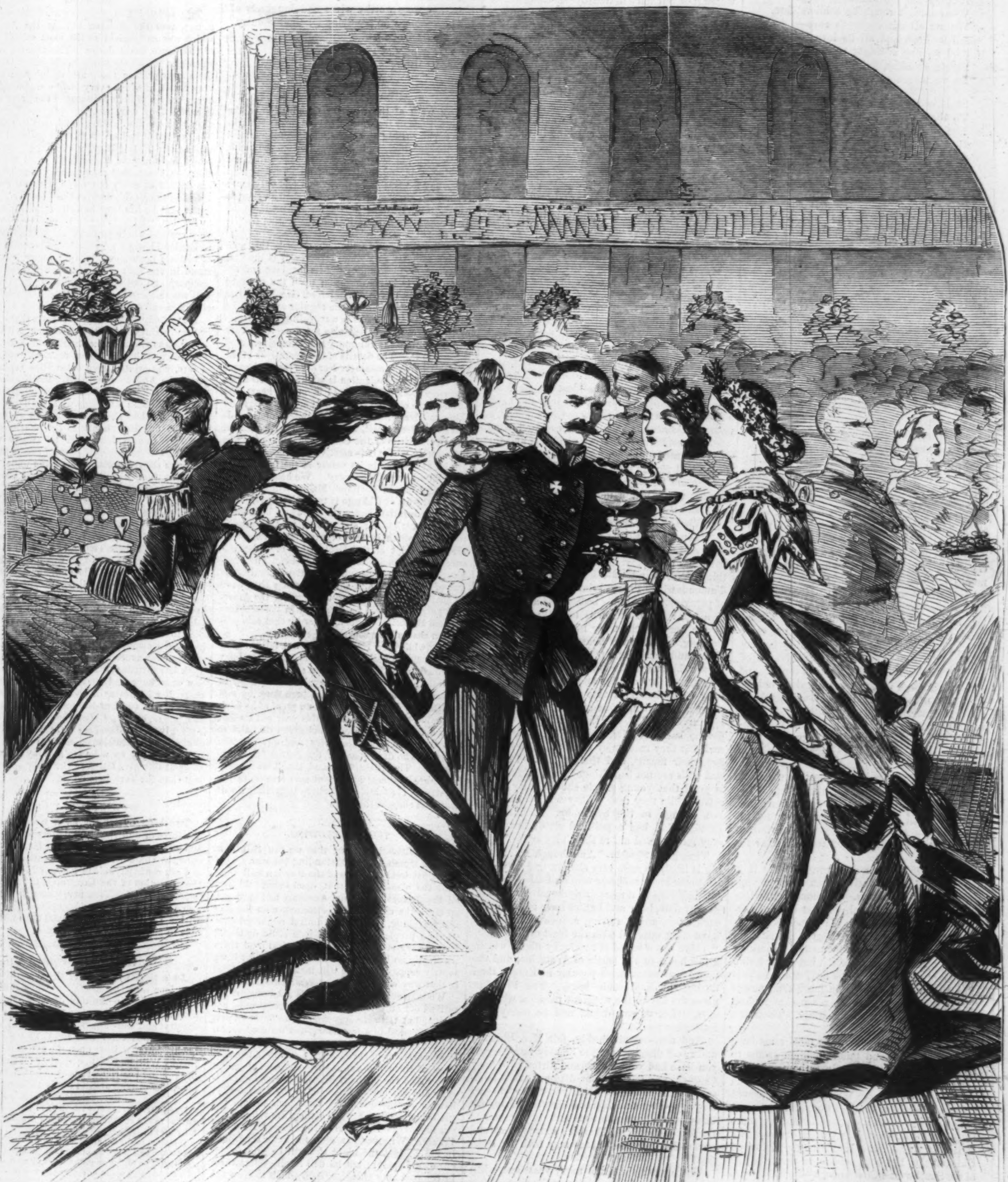


THE RUSSIAN BALL—IN THE SUPPER-ROOM.—[SEE PAGE 746.]

SOLDIERS' MARCHING SONG.

STEADILY we march along,
Join we in the marching song,
Hand to hand, and heart to heart,
Bearing each a soldier's part;
Come what will beneath the sun,
We are soldiers marching on;
'Neath the old flag, flying free,
Marching on to victory.

Steadily we march along,
Timing step to marching song;
What though roads be wet or dry,
Though be bright or dark the sky,
We are soldiers bound to win,
Marching on through thick and thin;
'Neath our banners, flying free,
Marching on to victory.

Steadily we march along,
Ringing out the marching song:
What though rough be soldiers' fare,
We are all our country's care—
All its hope and all its love;
And its flag is bright above,
Flying stainless, flying free,
As we march to victory.

Steadily we march along
To the soldiers' marching song:
Little care we, nothing fear,
If our country's foe be near;
We are ready for the fight,
For the battle of the right,
'Neath the old flag flying free,
Starry sign of victory.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1863.

A QUESTION OF ENDURANCE.

THE war has now reached a point at which the continued resistance of the rebels is a mere question of endurance. They are suffering privations as severe as were ever borne by a belligerent people. Their currency is depreciated in the ratio of 12 to 1, and while the soldiers and civil employés of Government are paid in this depreciated currency on the scale which was fair when that currency was at or near par, provisions, clothing, and all the necessaries of life have adjusted themselves to the depreciation, so that it takes a soldier's wages for a month to support his family for a day. Of manufactured articles—boots, shoes, dry goods, hardware of all kinds, agricultural implements, etc.—the stock has fallen so low that fabulous prices are asked and obtained by its fortunate possessors. The capture of Morris Island has nearly closed the port of Charleston, and within a month the blockade of Wilmington—the only port at which any considerable blockade running is now done—will also be sealed. When this happens, no more foreign goods will enter the Confederacy till the peace. On the other hand, the loss of the Mississippi Valley has cut off the chief supply of beef, as the advance of Burnside has curtailed the supply of cereals, and the occupation of Chattanooga has deprived the rebel foundries of the coal which was essential to their existence. Famine is so imminent at Richmond that the rebel journals confess their inability to feed the Union prisoners, and it is seriously proposed that our Government should send them beef and bread from Washington. The Governor of Georgia admits that the stock of provisions in that once opulent State is insufficient for the wants of the population; and General Bragg proposes a general seizure of all the lands in the Confederacy with a view to their being exclusively used to raise food for the army.

This picture is not exaggerated. Yet it is hardly possible to conceive a more complete aggregate of wretchedness. Without food, without clothes, without coal, without hope of succor from abroad, and with the ever-present Federal anaconda tightening its grip round them week by week and month by month, sometimes moving fast, sometimes slowly, but never losing an inch of ground once occupied, can it be possible to conceive a people in more cruel straits than the rebels? How long can they endure such a complication of miseries? To which side shall they look for relief?

Not to Europe, for there the rebel rams have just been seized, and public opinion seems to be once more turning against them. Not to General Lee, for his second attempt to invade the North and menace Washington has proved only less disastrous than his first, and he is now barely able to cover Richmond by making more fertile acres in Virginia a barren desert. Not to Bragg, for he, notwithstanding the victory of Chicamauga, has been unable to wrest the key of the Southwest—Chattanooga—from the grasp of Grant, and he knows full well that the next move in the game will be a resistless "unconditional surrender" movement on Atlanta. Not to cavalry raids and guerrillas, for they—though annoying to us—do no good to the rebels, and, on the whole, are probably more troublesome to Southern planters than to Northern armies. Not to the Peace Democrats of the North, for the fall elections have squelched them out pretty thoroughly. There is not a man, or a principle, or a point in the horizon to which these despairing rebels can look with the least hope of aid, comfort, or succor in their hour of misery.

They may burn a few trains, "gobble up" a few commissaries, surprise a few helpless detachments of Union troops—nay, even win a pitched battle or two here or there; but what then? In the truthful language of the Richmond *Examiner*, "Our [rebel] victories are somehow always fruitless and unproductive of results; they leave the great question of the war where they found it." How long will the rebels continue to struggle under such privations, against such odds, in so hopeless a cause?

The time has not come yet for an honest Northerner to express his opinion of the courage and fortitude which the rebels have displayed in this wretched contest. So long as the red hand of battle is uplifted they are our enemies, whom it is our duty to destroy—nothing more. When the time does come—as come it must—that failure and disappointment and privation and despair compel these poor people to abandon the struggle into which a blind and brutal oligarchy precipitated them, they may rely upon it that, in the words of that great and good man, Henry Ward Beecher, they will find the fatted calf ready for them throughout the North, and none more ready to relieve their wants than the very soldiers who are now crushing in the sides of the pasteboard Confederacy.

THE RUSSIAN BALL.

THE Ball is over, the music is hushed, the dances ended, the wine drunk, the costly laces and diamonds put back into their places. And now that the sounds of the revel are dying out it occurs to us that we have a headache, and we are saying wisely to each other that the ball was not, after all, so very sensible a thing; and that, when our brothers and our sons are dying on battle-fields, and thousands of brave Union soldiers, prisoners at Richmond, are being starved to death by the Southern chivalry, it is hardly decent for us here to be dancing, and making merry, and throwing away fortunes on diamonds. There is something in the idea. Should this number of *Harper's Weekly* fall into the hands of some poor wounded fellow at Chattanooga, or some half-starved Union prisoner at Richmond, the contrast between his own condition and that of the scented and perfumed dancers who figure in the ball picture may not improve his temper. "They are fiddling while I am dying," is the remark which would not unnaturally occur to him, and it would leave a bitter taste behind.

"What then?" says Shoddy. "Are we all to put on sackcloth and ashes for the war? Are Mrs. and the Misses Shoddy not to have an opportunity of displaying their beauty—to say nothing of the splendid dresses and the magnificent diamonds which I bought them with the proceeds of paper-money—simply because we are engaged in a war? The notion is monstrous! I pay for the war: taxes on my income, taxes on my clothing, taxes on my house, horses, carriages, silver, and every thing that I've got; I send my blood relations to the war to fight and die; I give money for bounties and money to the Sanitary Commission; I vote to support the Government. Having done all this, I submit that my duty is fulfilled, and that I may, if I choose, get up balls for Mrs. and the Misses Shoddy, and that they may enjoy them as becomes their age, their means, and their spirits. Dancing and balls are not bad things by any means. It is good that young people should enjoy themselves while they can. They will all find sorrow enough in life by-and-by. Besides, our Russian Ball had a political significance, and may render good aid to the Union cause."

Thus much Shoddy. And though his reasoning is likely to seem very shallow and very selfish to the brave suffering men on Belle Isle or in Castle Thunder, it must fairly be admitted that, in past time, balls and battles have often jostled each other, and the dying sounds of the dance have often mingled with the blast of the bugle. "There was a sound of revelry by night" within a few hours of the battle of Waterloo, and the dance was never more popular in Europe than during the Napoleonic wars. The Preacher gives the key to the apparent paradox when he says, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry; *for to-morrow we die.*"

And now—good Shoddy, fair Mrs. Shoddy, and sweet daughters of the Shoddy house—that you have had your dance, and flirted with your Cossack, and flashed your diamonds in a thousand envious eyes; now that you have spent—so they say—over a million of dollars for one night's enjoyment; have you time and do you care to think of a suggestion by which your pleasure and our suffering heroes' needs may both be satisfied?"

There was a time, not many years ago, when a commercial crisis precipitated the poor of New York into great suffering. At that time large-minded men and women gave their thoughts to the subject, and while soup-kitchens were established by A. T. Stewart and others, fashionable ladies gave a series of calico balls, the rule of which was that every lady present donated the dress she wore to the poor. By this means thousands of poor girls and women, who would otherwise have gone half clad that bitter winter, were furnished with clothing. What say you now, ladies, to a

DIAMOND BALL,

the jewels worn to be given after the ball to the Sanitary Commission, which has our wounded soldiers in charge?

If, as is stated, a million of dollars' worth of diamonds were worn at the Russian Ball, a million of dollars might be procured by such a Diamond Ball as we suggest—enough money to secure every comfort required by our wounded soldiers, and probably to save hundreds of lives which are now sacrificed for want of suitable attendance, clothing, and food. Could the jewels be put to a nobler use? Would not their radiance, in such a case, flash not only from wall to wall of the ball-room, but down through the vale of time to the most distant age, lighting the fame of New York women, and proving that they were worthy wives and daughters of the brave men who are dying for their country?

THE LOUNGER.

THE SANITARY FAIRS.

THE work of the Sanitary Commission is the great episode of the war. It is not a less remarkable popular rising and persistence than the armies and the fighting. When you think of the hands and brains and hearts all over the land that are working, thinking, and feeling all day long and every day for this great work, you feel only more profoundly than ever that any task whatever to which an intelligent people addressed itself, as the Free States have given themselves to this war, is sure of its triumph.

Behind the army in the field there is this supporting army twenty times larger. It is the vast reserve, constantly indicating its presence and co-operation. It is no reflection upon the sanitary zeal or method of the regular service, but it is a necessary supplement to the regular system. So sudden and tremendous a war, calling for armies to be improvised, called also for a sanitary care which should be as voluntary and extensive. And it has had it. The details of the operations of the Commission are amazing. Nor does the work cease or pause. Its organization is admirable. Its managers are zealous. Its hold upon the heart and purse of the country is firm. If any body has any thing to give for the relief or comfort of the soldiers, however small, it is received with thanks, and the facilities of the Commission cause it to be put exactly where it is most wanted.

The new event in its career is the fairs which are held all over the country. We hear of a most successful one in Portland, Maine, while that of the Northwest at Chicago is truly Northwestern in its scope, duration, and results. The whole country has contributed; and among its treasures is the paper which is only of secondary interest to the manuscript of the Declaration of Independence—the Emancipation Proclamation. The President's letter accompanying it to the Committee is one of the simple and earnest touches that have so deeply endeared him to the heart of the American people. It will be deposited in the archives of some Historical Society, richer by that sole possession than all the others in the country.

Meanwhile New England does not falter. For many months in all New England homes the busy preparation has been going on, and in December, we believe, the great Sanitary Fair will begin in Boston. Nobler work has not been done by any city than by Boston; and that no proof of its fidelity should be wanting, it has this year put its foot upon a false "democracy," and given its hand to that true Democrat, Governor Andrew. Boston fairs (for who dare speak of the Boston fair?) are famous. The Blind Fair and the Anti-Slavery fairs were the most successful ever known in the country. The fair of the Sanitary Commission will doubtless surpass them all.

TRUMPET-BLOWING.

IT is interesting to see that we can still blow our own trumpet, notwithstanding the war. One of the patriotic reporters of the Russian ball mentions the pleasing fact that, upon being told that all the decorations in the Academy had been put up since the close of the performance on the previous evening, the polite Admiral remarked that "only a people like the American could do that." It was very courteous in the Admiral, and there was really nothing else for him to say. But if we soberly suppose that we can make imposing fêtes in that way we ought to undeceive ourselves.

We take our pleasure sadly, as old Froissart described our ancestors. We are a grave people, not a gay; but it is the gay who make fêtes. Paris is transformed in a few hours, and restored again. On the Emperor's last fête day, the 15th August, the decorations of the city were superb, and every trace of them had vanished by noon of the next day. And the brilliant draperies hung from balcony and window in Rome, or in any Italian city, have a picturesque effect for which we are not yet bold enough. Then, too, there are the marvelous fire-works, the festal pyrotechny of Italy and France. Whoever has seen St. Peter's outlined in fire against the night sky will be grateful for our own displays; but he will hardly select them in comparison r heights upon which to crow the national Yankee-doodle-doo. It is not in that way that our genius most naturally or happily expresses itself. We spend plenty of money, and we employ all the taste we can. But a pretty and imposing festival of any kind results from the co-operation of a population, each individual of which has a taste for the picturesque.

We like to make money stand for every thing. But there are so many things that money will not buy. "All the ladies had diamonds on," says one enthusiastic reporter. But if a Roman woman, a Trasteveran, with her Junonine head and shoulders, and the glittering pins fastened in her coal-black hair, had entered the theatre, or a woman in Rachel's Thisbe costume, the broad, splendid effect would have been memorable. Picturesqueness, for instance, can not be bought easily.

We are a very great and good people undoubtedly, but there are some things we have not yet acquired. An ancient history, for example; or a great school of art—statues, pictures, cathedrals; and also a taste for the picturesque. We can fight, talk, make money, educate our children, go to church, spend money nobly and profusely, appreciate whatever is good, and hopeful, and true; but we can not make so pretty a fête as some other people who have not half the reasons for contentment and happiness that we have. Meanwhile we do the best we can, and neither Shakespeare nor Napoleon did more.

THE BALL.

THE strictly Lounging event of the week, of course, was the Russian ball at the Academy, which was as brilliant as the most ardent votary of the dance could desire. The theatre was resplendent, the toilets gorgeous, the crowd immense, the supper profuse, the music delightful; and the very crush, of which every body complained, gave every body a profounder sense of the great success in which they were sharing. It was a finer fête than that to the Japanese and to the Prince of Wales; but it had no profounder political significance than those glittering evenings. As to the crowd, it is always unavoidable upon such occasions. Choker, that remarkable young man, who has danced at every court and with all the princesses in the world, assures the Lounger upon his honor that he has been at balls at Willis's Rooms in London, "Almack's, you know—very cream of very cream—where you saw all the family jewels in England hung across the broad bosoms of ladies of historic name; and, 'pon my honor, you had to stand in one spot with your partner and merely jump up and down. Depend upon it, at a public ball where there is room to dance there is a sense of failure and desolation."

If any body wishes to appeal from that decision, he may. But the Lounger is content with it, and doubtless so also were the Russian officers. Whether in the fact that the *menu*, or, in the vulgar, bill of fare, was printed upon satin slips representing partly the American and partly the Russian flags, the officers detected a shadowy suggestion of an Americo-Russian alliance, who shall say? Yet he was doubtless the wiser man who read upon it only the fine French names for pies, cakes, and oysters. Cousin John over the water will, of course, have another explosion of sneers at the affection of the two great powers lying under the ban of civilization. But Cousin John has been hospitable to Russians in his time too. Why, here, in the very last English paper we chanced to be reading, of so late a date as October 25, are these very extraordinary words: "When Nicholas, Czar of all the Russias, was in London, a heart-and-soul tyrant, and the born enemy of all useful intellectual progress in the world, he was fondled by duchesses and countesses as the man among men. His victims were rotting in Siberian mines—the noble, the just, and the innocent; and he was waltzing in the honored palaces of the British aristocracy." Did ever a poor fellow with an unhappy disposition to throw stones live in such a brittle glass house as Cousin John Bull?

London was courteous to Nicholas, and New York is courteous to the Russian admiral. London may have had reason; New York certainly has. For Russia as a power has been positively friendly to us in our trouble. Has Cousin John, as a power, been so? Let him be reasonable. We have given the Japanese Princes, the Prince of Wales, and the Russian officers a pretty ball. Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a'! May we never be compelled to give either of them any other kind of ball than the Terpsichorean!

TO H. S., JERSEY CITY.

THE best investment for a working-man who has three or four thousand dollars for the purpose, and who must leave the country for a certain time, is in the United States five-twenties, the interest at 6 per cent., payable in gold, and the principal at the discretion of the Government. Deposit your money at the Sub-Treasury, where, in a few days, you will receive bonds and coupons. Deposit these with a Trust Company, and make the interest payable to any order you may choose.

HONESTY IN POLITICS.

AT a time when one of the most disagreeably notorious men in the country says that he must have a Judge in the city of New York, and has him, it is pleasant to find an instance of manly dignity and self-respect in a political candidate. Every honest voter will enjoy, as we do, the following letter written upon the eve of the late election by William Nicoll, candidate for State Senator in the First District. He was defeated, but the people of the district are not likely to forget him:

HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND, *October* 31, 1863.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of 27th inst. is just received. My answer can be of little service to you *now*, but yet I cheerfully give it.

If elected to the Senate, I shall go there *entirely free* to act for the best interests of the inhabitants of the district, and under no pledge or promise to any man, or association of men, to carry out or advocate any measures which shall appear to me, on full investigation, prejudicial to the public interests.

If your bill is right, and the best which can be, I should go for it. Unquestionably I should be in favor of giving to the people of Staten Island all the increased ferry facilities for which they ask; but I must know what they want before I can promise to aid them.

Certainly I shall make no promise, and imply no pledge, for the sake of securing the votes of any man who may be interested. Rather than that I much prefer my personal freedom of thought and action *at home*.

Very honestly and respectfully yours, etc.,

W. Nicoll.

We advise every voter in Richmond, Queens, and Suffolk counties to cut out that letter and keep it, against the time when the district is looking for an able and faithful public servant.

FRENCH RAMS.

There are six steam rams building in France for the rebels. It will be interesting to see what becomes of them. But whether they sail, or whether they are detained, they will certainly render us one service; they will enable us to see more distinctly than we have been willing to admit, that Louis Napoleon's France is quite as hostile to us as the British governing class. There seems to be no reason to suppose that Louis Napoleon will do differently from his ally. If it is worth while for England to stop the rams, it will hardly seem to Napoleon, upon general grounds, desirable to let them slip. But if he be resolved to remain in Mexico, the probability is that he will not detain them. Because to stay in Mexico securely he must do all that he can to keep this country distracted and divided. He will, of course, consider the risk of war and reprisals. But he has a trained army in Mexico—probably of not less than fifty thousand men—a fleet cruising in the Gulf and on the coast, and the six rams will be practically his ships. He will, therefore, have capital enough already here to begin the war upon. His army in Mexico will not be followed if he chooses to order it across the frontier, and it would be a weighty reinforcement to the rebels.

Would England call him to account? That is a question which Louis Napoleon will gravely ponder before he resolves. But all his plans—the Mexican conquest, the rams, and the possible aid to the rebels—hang together. If his Mexican policy be at all determined, it includes and modifies all the rest, and is an American policy. Our military situation, and the elections of the year, pronouncing unanimously for the Government and the war, can not but have great influence upon his decision, and it is not impossible that he may believe a restoration of the Union by military force might tax the resources of the nation for so long a time that he may, without fear of interference from us, establish and consolidate his power in Mexico. In that case he will detain the rams, avoiding any immediate occasion for war and relying upon the chances of the future.

TO A DYSPEPTIC PATRIOT.

You say that you are for the Union of course; but oh dear! the Union is gone. You declare that you are for the fighting it out; but oh dear! how comfortable things were four or five years ago. You insist that all the money should be supplied to the Government; but oh dear! what reactions, and panics, and poverty are coming by-and-by. You will stand by the Government, of course, but oh dear! the age of statesmen has gone by.

How fortunate that Washington was not a dyspeptic, nor William of Orange, nor Lord Nelson. Fancy Nelson sailing in to the bay of Aboukir to engage the French fleet, and whining upon the quarter-deck, "I go for my country, of course, but oh dear! what has England to hope for? I shall fight it out, but oh dear! how nice it was when I was comfortably on shore. England expects every man to do his duty; but oh dear! how many legs and arms are going to be shot off. I stand by England, of course, but there's nobody fit to govern her." Wouldn't this have been inspiring? Wouldn't De Bruys have trembled had he heard it? Wouldn't the hearts of oak and the wooden walls of England have felt themselves become like iron under such an impetus?

You are but a dead drag upon the spirit with which alone this or any great war can be prosecuted. You give as much groaning as gold to the war, and while the gold furnishes arms to the soldiers the groan draws the charge. Why should any brave fellow fight for such a whining fellow-citizen as you? A nation of such whimperers and wan cynics would drive the earth off its axis. When men go into battle, good friend, they do not march to the dead march in Saul, but to Yankee Doodle, or *Mourir pour la patrie!*

THE SOLDIER'S AID.

That the soldiers may know how many and how constant are the works of patriotic women in their behalf, the Lounger prints an extract from a note lately received: "Can you find room in your columns for a notice of our little journal, its aims and objects? They are briefly expressed in the title—'The Soldier's Aid.' We feel that our armies are fighting for *us*, for our lives, our safety, and our freedom; and all we ask is the privilege to work for and help those who suffer in our behalf, until the rebellion is crushed and the cause of order and freedom is victorious."

The little paper is issued by the Young Ladies' Aid Society of Rochester; and although the copy promised him has not reached the Lounger, he knows in advance, and gladly says, that its object and spirit are most timely and generous.

A NEW POLICY.

A recent Richmond *Examiner* contains a very important statement, which we wonder has not been made public by authority at Washington. "The Yankee Commissioner Meredith" said to Commissioner Robert Ould that Secretary Stanton had been opposed to any exchange of prisoners during the war, and that his policy had come to be the policy of his Government. Had it been earlier the practice of his Government it is pretty clear that the rebel army would be much weaker than it is, for there is no question that the paroled prisoners of the enemy are mustered into the rebel ranks. It is not surprising. It is but another proof of the curious dishonor of their conduct. It is not surprising, for an insurrection headed by Davis, Mason, Toombs, and the rest, who did not hesitate to receive the money of the government they were plotting to overthrow, must be tainted throughout with their dishonor. The only way to meet the conduct of the rebels in arming our paroled prisoners against us is to refuse to parole them. It is hard for those of our army who are captured, but best soldiers whom we have heard speak of the policy approve it most heartily.

COLOR-PRINTS.

Among new and beautiful things we have seen nothing more delicate and interesting than the album pictures made by L. Prang in Boston. They are of the usual card-photograph size, and represent birds, flowers, autumn leaves, mosses, butterflies, and moths, humming birds, little landscapes, and figures of children. A friend of the Lounger's, and an expert in all such dainty matters of printing, says that in his opinion, and he is master of the subject, "They are the best specimens of color-printing ever done in this country upon so small a scale." It is easy to believe it, and to believe also that a man who has done so well will, as Mr. Prang says of himself, do better as fast as his machinery improves. The prints are neatly enveloped, are not dear, and the Lounger sincerely commends them as a most charming series for the album.

LITERARY.

"Our Old Home" (Ticknor and Fields) is a collection of Mr. Hawthorne's delightful papers upon England. Their pure, sinewy, racy, idiomatic style is unsurpassed by the greatest masters of English literature. Their contemplative and subtle humor is delightful. Their sincerity is startling. The author unveils his mind with the confiding naïveté of Charles Lamb. But the tone of doubt and indifference, occasionally insinuated, as to the tremendous struggle of civilization and barbarism which convulses his country, is so painful, that the reader is in danger of being invincibly repelled, as a man would be by the most charming companion who should prove to have no objection to infanticide. That the great English authors should cant and misrepresent our war is intelligible upon the assumption of their ignorance; but that one of the most gifted and fascinating of American writers should fail to see, or to care for, the very point of our contest is monstrous.

"The Social Condition and Education of the People in England," by Joseph Kay, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, England (Harpers), is a book written by a most careful observer, himself an Englishman, at which John Bull may well stare aghast. We have already spoken of it; but it is a work of permanent instruction, which should be pondered by every man who is deeply interested in the progress of civilization. It is a curious companion to "Our Old Home" of Hawthorne or Irving's "Sketch Book."

GONE.

'Tis only a short little poem,
Yet tender and threaded with woe;
And my heart knows the hand that hath summoned
These mem'ries from years long ago.

Oh! hand lying cold on the bosom,
One clasp of forgiveness I crave;
Too late Fate has heaped up relentless
Thy wrongs with the sod on thy grave.

But this, oh! how like an echo
It springs from the cavern of years;
The wail of a young life crushed, burdened
By hopeless repinings and tears.

He died like his hopes. 'Twas at Charleston,
He fought with his men brave and well;
He was earnest and true to his country
As he had been to me, but he fell.

His comrades—a few were beside him,
Companions in earlier time—
They heard as his lips last faint accents
With prayer breathed a name—it was mine!

They knew not his whole heart's sad story
Until, when they laid him to rest,
'Twas told in the death-grasp that fastened
My picture close over his breast.

The picture was old, worn and faded
By time, and well blistered with tears;
But the love of the heart it had covered
Could change not nor alter by years.

Oh! here in Life and in Battle,
Fame may not thy glory record;
But One know thy great heart's life-struggle,
And He shall give thee thy reward.

Oh, blest one! made perfect through suffering
And purified, thou canst behold,
Unblinded by wrong and by falsehood,
The truths that here could not be told.

Oh, spirit so patient and loving!
Oh, heart beating strong in the breast,
Oh, life worn with struggles and doubtings!
All, all is now ended in rest.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

Marshal Forey and his staff arrived at this port on 6th, on board the French frigate *Panama*, bound for France. The Marshal led the French troops at the taking of Puebla, and marched with his victorious army into Mexico.

Captain **John Rodgers** has been ordered to the command of the iron-clad steamer *Dictator*, and Commander **Nicholson** to that of the steamer *State of Georgia*.

Commander **Collins** has been ordered to the command of the *Wachusett*, and Commander **Clary** to the *Dacotah*.

The Secretary of the Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of $3267, the proceeds of entertainments in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, under the inspiration of Miss **Charlotte Cushman**, the celebrated actress.

It is rumored that General **Burnside's** resignation has been accepted, and it is probable that General **Foster** will succeed him in command of the Army of East Tennessee.

Lieutenant-Colonel **Loomis**, of the Sixth Illinois Cavalry, at Germantown, Tennessee, was fatally shot by Major **Herrod**, of the same regiment, on the 2d inst., in the course of an altercation at the supper-table. The indignation of the soldiers against **Herrod** was so great that with difficulty they were prevented lynching him.

Captain **John M. Wilson**, United States Corps of Engineers, a young officer distinguished for gallantry and skill in the Peninsular campaign, and latterly on the staff of Major-General **Grant**, is now in charge of the defenses of Vicksburg.

Captain **Richard H. Lee**, late of the Sixth New Jersey Volunteers, has been appointed Postmaster for Camden, in that State.

Major **Edward L. Gaul**, of the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York Volunteers, for some time past upon detached service, commanding the Albany barracks post, has been relieved from duty and ordered to join his regiment in the field. Major **Gaul** is a fine soldier, and has evinced signal executive ability in administering the affairs of that difficult and exacting post.

Major-General **Wool**, U.S.A., is at present enjoying renewed health at his private mansion in Troy. In conversation with a gentleman a few days since, who remarked to the old hero, "General, you should be in the field at this particular juncture of the war," the General replied sternly, giving ample evidence of his ancient vigor, "They don't want me. They think me too old."

Surgeon **James Bryan**, of Philadelphia, now on a short sick leave, is rapidly convalescing from a severe attack of bilious remittent fever contracted during the memorable siege of Vicksburg. Dr. B. was on duty on Gen. **Grant's** staff from April to September, including the sickly season of the Lower Mississippi, and expects to be able to return to service in a short time in a Northern department.

Colonel **John Adair M'Dowell**, of Iowa, late of General **Grant's** army, has been appointed commercial agent of the Treasury Department at New Orleans.

Thomas Francis Meagher has been reinstated in the rank of Brigadier-General, with permission to recruit to its complement his old Irish Brigade.

Captain **Halstead**, formerly Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of Major-General **Doubleday**, has been appointed a member of the Board of Examination of which General **Casey** is President.

Colonel **Richard H. Rush**, Assistant Provost Marshal, has been relieved from charge of the Invalid Corps Bureau. Lieutenant-Colonel **Cahill**, his assistant, is left temporarily in charge.

Major **Frederick Townsend**, Eighteenth United States Infantry, has been assigned to duty as Superintendent of Volunteer Recruiting Service at Albany, New York, and Major **Wallace**, Sixth United States Infantry, the late Superintendent, has been ordered to join his regiment in the field.

The amount of work now progressing at the Brooklyn Navy-yard is immense. Something like 40 vessels are in the stream and on the stocks, preparing for sea as rapidly as possible. There are nearly 6000 men on the pay-rolls of the different departments, and their monthly wages can not fall much short of $200,000.

Lieutenant **E. F. Davenport** has been ordered to duty at the Naval Academy.

Lieutenant **Byron Wilson** has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander in the Navy.

Major-General **Butler**, accompanied by his wife, Colonel **Shaffer**, and Captains **Haggerty** and **Puffer**, left Washington for Fortress Monroe on 10th to relieve General **Foster**.

George Vandall and **James Wales**, of the Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, were executed on 9th for desertion near Portsmouth, Virginia.

Captain **Jordan**, Second Pennsylvania heavy artillery, was found dead in his bed last week, having retired the previous night in apparently perfect health.

Lieutenant **Joseph M. Fish**, commanding the howitzer section of the Twelfth New York Cavalry at Camp Palmer, near Newbern, North Carolina, was recently presented, at dress parade, with a handsome sabre and equipments.

Major-General **B. M. Prentiss**, who, while a Brigadier-General, was surprised and captured, with his whole force, at Shiloh, and who, after his return from captivity, formed one of the **Fitz John Porter** court-martial—obtaining a promotion to a Major-Generalship soon after the rendering of the decision of that court—has tendered his resignation to the War Department, and it has been accepted.

Lieutenant-Colonel **Towers**, Provost Marshal of Alexandria, has been relieved of his command by an order from the War Department, and Captain **Gwynn**, Medical Inspector on General **Slough's** Staff, has been appointed to the office.

General **Clark**, who was recently elected Governor of Mississippi, is the same who was so seriously wounded and taken prisoner in the battle at Baton Rouge some months ago. He was formerly an Old Line Whig.

Lieutenant-Commander **Watmough** has been detached from the Philadelphia Navy-yard as ordnance officer, and assigned to the command of the steamer *Kansas*.

Lieutenant-Commander **Paul** [illegible] has been promoted to the grade of Commander.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The Army of the Potomac, after a long period of ease, has commenced a forward movement, and its advance has been heralded with victory. The divisions of Generals French and Sedgwick met the enemy on the banks of the Rappahannock—the former at Kelly's Ford and the latter at Rappahannock railroad crossing—on 7th, and drove them across the river, capturing eighteen hundred of the rebels, four battle flags, and two redoubts with a number of guns. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded is reported by prisoners to be over five hundred. Our loss in all—killed, wounded, and missing—is set down at from three hundred and fifty to four hundred. The Union troops pursued the enemy.

Upon the lifting of the fog on the morning of the 8th, our forces commenced crossing the river, and found little or no opposition. At four P.M. Sedgwick's advance had reached Brandy Station. General Buford's cavalry crossed at Sulphur Springs to cover the right flank several miles above Rappahannock Station, and Generals Gregg and Kilpatrick crossed below Kelly's Ford to cover the left flank. Advices from the front are to the effect that General Kilpatrick occupied the city and heights of Fredericksburg on 7th, and was in position to hold them until the infantry could reach him.

MEADE' REPORTS.

Head-Quarters Army of the Potomac,
Saturday Nov. 7—9.30 P.M.

Major-General Sedgwick advanced to the railroad crossing, where he drove the enemy to the river, assaulted and captured two redoubts with artillery, on this side, taking a number of prisoners.

Major-General French advanced to Kelly's Ford, driving the enemy in small force across the river, and captured several hundred prisoners at the Ford.

George G. Meade,
Major-General Commanding.

SECOND DISPATCH.

Head-Quarters Army of the Potomac
Saturday Nov. 7—10 P.M.

General Sedgwick reports capturing this P.M. in his operations, four colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, many other officers, and over 800 men, together with four battle-flags.

General French captured over 400 prisoners, officers and men.

George G. Meade,
Major-General Commanding.

LEE ON THE DEFENSIVE.

General Lee, it seems, declines to take up the gauge of battle which General Meade has urgently pressed upon his acceptance. The Army of Virginia, excepting its rear-guard, have again ensconced themselves within their strong fortifications on the south bank of the Rapidan, or are making swift time toward Richmond. The Army of the Potomac, therefore, must bear with what grace it may the disappointment of its desire to bring about a decisive engagement.

CHARLESTON.

The firing Sumter is being continued both from Forts Gregg and Wagner and the Monitors. The bombardment is described by the Richmond *Examiner* as furious and incessant. The flag-staff on Sumter was shot away several times, and replaced; but the old flag was so cut to pieces that the battle-flag of the Twelfth Georgia regiment was raised instead. On 31st ult., at four o'clock A.M., a portion of the sea-wall fell in, burying in the ruins thirteen of the garrison. Over one thousand two hundred shots, many of them from rifled guns, were fired at the fort on 31st.

AFFAIRS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

The rebel papers report that our advance has reached Florence, and that our forces are committing terrible depredations near Huntsville. The telegrams admit that we have gained important advantages, and that, unless the movements of our troops are counteracted, the question of subsisting the Union army at Chattanooga will be placed beyond doubt.

IS BRAGG FALLING BACK?

A dispatch from Chattanooga, of 10th instant, says that refugees from the rebel army report General Bragg to be evacuating his position in front of Chattanooga, and falling back to Rome or Atlanta. General Longstreet was said to be organizing a force for a raid on our line of communication at Bridgeport.

THE WAR IN EAST TENNESSEE.

A dispatch from Knoxville, dated the 4th instant, says that East Tennessee is once more clear of rebels, with the exception of guerrillas, who hover around our wagon trains and infest our mail routes above. The fight at Roan Spring resulted in the rout of the rebels. We lost seventeen killed and fifty-two wounded. Colonel Garrard pursued the rebels beyond Kingsport.

BURNSIDE CHECKED.

The *Star* of this city says:

"We hear that General Grant has telegraphed hither that two of the most advanced positions of General Burnside have been assailed and captured by the rebels, who made prisoners of half of two regiments that were holding them at the time."

THE WAR IN ARKANSAS.

Late advices from Arkansas state that General Steele now occupies Arkadelphia, the recent head-quarters of the rebel General Price, and over seven hundred Arkansians from Yell County have offered themselves as volunteers to General Steele.

GENERAL BLUNT IN DANGER.

Dispatches from Leavenworth, Kansas, say that the rebels under Cooper and Shelby, having escaped from our troops, crossed the Arkansas River with a force of nine thousand men, and were then marching on General Blunt, who had only a force of one thousand eight hundred cavalry, who were acting as an escort to a heavy supply train bound for Fort Smith. General Blunt had reduced the number of his train, and was putting his force in a position to resist the enemy.

UNION MEETING AT LITTLE ROCK.

At the Union meeting held at Little Rock, Arkansas, on the 30th ultimo, resolutions were passed expressive of cordial support and loyalty to the United States, and pledging the utmost support to uphold the supremacy of the Government. A number of spirited and loyal addresses were made, and a committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws for the Central Union Club.

SKIRMISH IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Clarksburg, Nov. 8, 1863.

To Governor Boreman:

General Averill attacked Jackson's forces at Mill Point, Pocahontas County, on the 5th inst., and drove him from his position with trifling loss. Jackson fell back to the summit of Droop Mountain, when he was reinforced by General Echols with Patten's brigade and one regiment from Jenkins's command. The position is naturally a strong one, and was strengthened by breast-works commanding the road. General Averill turned the enemy's left with his infantry, and attacked him in front with cavalry dismounted.

The victory was decisive, and the enemy's retreat became a total rout, his forces throwing away their arms and scattering in every direction.

The cavalry pursued till dark, capturing many prisoners and a large quantity of arms, ammunition, etc.

The enemy's wounded have all fallen into our hands. Our loss in killed and wounded is about one hundred.

B. F. Kelley, Brigadier-General.

A NEW CAMPAIGN ON THE GULF.

An active campaign is now in progress in the Department of the Gulf. The naval expedition under General Banks was at Southwest Pass on the 26th ult., with the Commanding General on board the flag-ship *M'Clellan*. The fleet consists of sixteen steamships, and a large number of schooners and brigs as tenders. Three ships of war—the *Monongahela*, *Owasco*, and *Virginia*—accompany the squadron.

OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

Mr. Bohanan, who was captured in the vicinity of Occoquan last Christmas, and lately returned to his home in Alexandria, has, among other things, stated that Castle Thunder is the only prison in Richmond where prisoners are allowed to purchase any thing. Shortly after the battle of Chicamauga about two hundred wounded prisoners arrived at Richmond from the field. They were almost all in a famishing and starving condition. They were three days on the road between the two points, and all they had to eat during that time was four hard crackers each. On their arrival at Richmond they were taken to the Libey prison, where they lay two days longer without having their wounds dressed, and during all which time they had not a mouthful to eat. Some of them, who were fortunate enough to have a little money, offered as high as five dollars for a loaf of bread, but the officer in charge would not let it be carried them.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE REBEL RAMS STOPPED.

A dispatch from Washington, authorized by the Secretary of State, announces that the iron-clad vessels now building at Nantes and Bordeaux, it is presumed for the rebels, have been promptly arrested by the French Government, at the intercession of Minister Dayton.

THE MEXICAN DELEGATION.

The Paris *Moniteur* reports the reception of the Mexican deputation by Napoleon. The Emperor did not allude to Maximilian in any manner. It was thought the French Legislature would refuse the guarantees demanded by Maximilian.

CHINA.

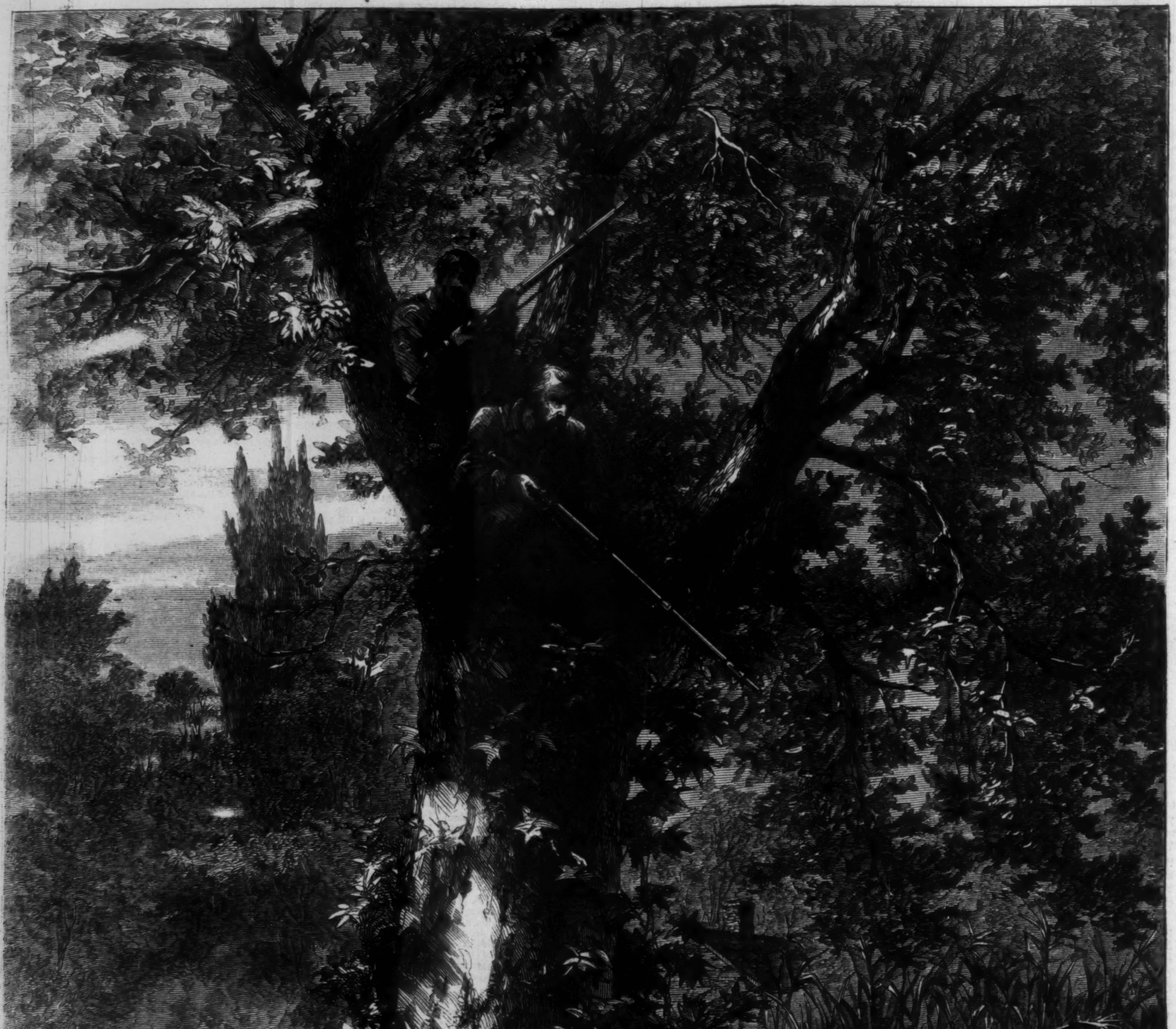
THE AMERICAN LEGION.

The accession of General Burgevine, with his American legion, to the cause of the Chinese rebel leader, is treated by the British papers as an event fraught with serious consequences to the cause of the Emperor and the future government of the empire.

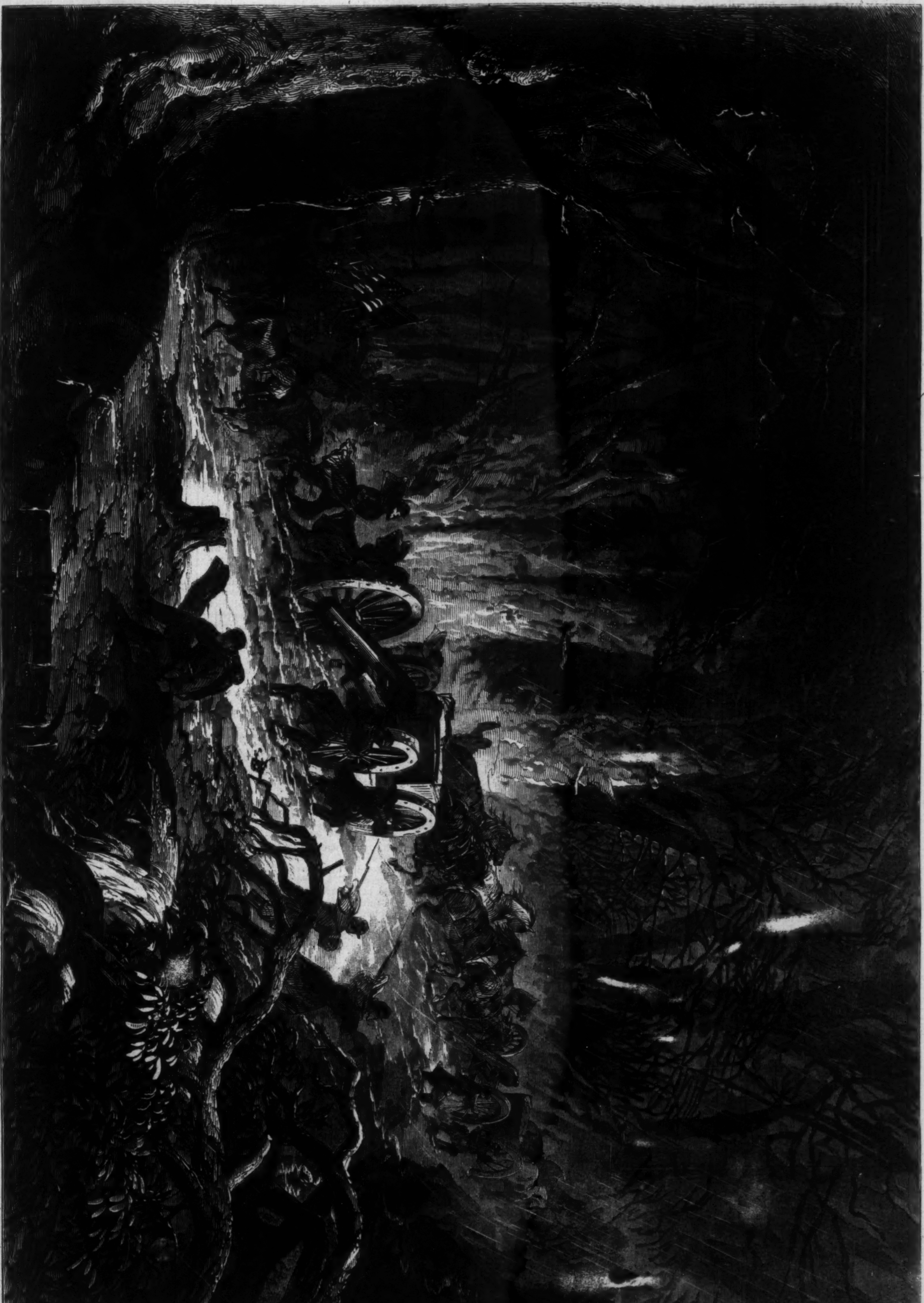
JAPAN.

THE KNOW-NOTHING MOVEMENT.

Accounts from Hakodadi, Japan, to the 6th ult., state that the Chief Minister of State, and three other Cabinet officers, had been dismissed because they were in favor of peace with Christian nations. All foreigners were ordered to leave Nagasaki, but refused to do so, whereupon the "Japanese government resigned."



TRAPPING REBEL GUERRILLAS IN THE WEST.



THE WAR IN EAST TENNESSEE—DRAWING ARTILLERY THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

THE WAR IN EAST TENNESSEE.

WE illustrate on page 741 a common incident of the war in East Tennessee—HAULING CANNON UP A MOUNTAIN ROAD IN BAD WEATHER. The *Herald* correspondent, writing from Loudon, Tennessee, on 25th ult., thus describes the scene:

On Thursday last the reinforcements sent down here from the reserves which are always in readiness at Knoxville to operate up or down the line of railroad got orders to be prepared for the march at any moment. The final orders came at night, and the immense column of infantry, cavalry, artillery, wagons, and ambulances might have been seen wending their way by the light of the then brilliant moon from their camps in the woods, copses, dells, and groves to take position along the Loudon road. A greater portion of the infantry was luckily spared what afterward proved to be a severe march, and was transported by rail to within a short distance of the scene of future operations. By ten o'clock P.M. the column got in motion; and while the shrill locomotive shrieked along by our side (I say our, because the newspaper people took the road) the cavalry plodded along through the sloughs of mud and swamp, and the wagons mired and remired, to the great discomfort of mule flesh. The march formed an impressive scene by the pale light of the moon. Dark forms on horseback, strung along over the road, intermingled here and there with the rumbling cannon and caissons, were followed by the wagon train, whose white covers stood out in relief against the black gloom of the woods, while, withal, a silence which imparted an air of mystery and secrecy to the whole movement seemed to pervade every one, and was broken only when some refractory mule called forth the maledictions of his teamster. So silently, indeed, was the march effected that but few of the residents along the road were aware that the army had passed.

Toward the gray dawn of morning that portion of the cavalcade which was not imperatively ordered to proceed directly through to Loudon halted by the wayside. No inviting house stood near to welcome us within its portals; no tent was pitched beneath whose canopy to stretch our wearied limbs; so perchance we had need of making use of the best means at hand. Accordingly our little party, which embraced Lieutenant Keyes, of the Second Division Staff, and the newspaper folk aforesaid, sought shelter beneath a farm shed, and there, disposing ourselves upon the straw and wrapping our blankets about us—for the air was raw and chilly—we were soon buried in "balmy sleep, tired Nature's," etc.

Morning came, and with it one of the most disagreeable days it has been my misfortune to experience. A heavy rain commenced at daylight, and fell in unceasing torrents until late at night. The roads, so difficult of passage before, became now almost impassable. Wagons sank to their boxes in the liquid mud, mules fell exhausted in the traces and gave up the ghost; while drivers, teamsters, and artillerists became so covered with the spattering mud that it was difficult to distinguish them from the surrounding soil. However, by dint of that untiring energy which characterizes the Yankee soldier, all obstacles were overcome, and by night the last of the trains had reached its camping-ground with the main body of the troops.

At latest dates the rebels were concentrating their forces against Burnside, and his outposts have already been attacked. "Old Burn," however, as the soldiers call him, has thus far shown himself capable of taking care of himself, and Meade will presently give Lee enough to do at home, so that we can rely upon it that no more troops can be spared from the rebel Army of the Potomac.

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IF we could always know at the time what we are doing!

Two ladies carried a paper to Whitehall out of charity to a stranger.

Therein the elder was benefactress to a man she never spoke of but as "the wretch;" the younger held her truant bridegroom's heart, I may say, in her hand all the road, and was his protectress. Neither recognized the handwriting: for no man can write his own hand with a tooth-pick.

They reached Whitehall, and were conducted up stairs to a gentleman of pleasant aspect but powerful brow, seated in a wilderness of letters. He waved his hand, and a clerk set them chairs: he soon after laid down his pen, and leaned gravely forward to hear their business. They saw they must waste no time; Julia looked at her mother, rose, and took Alfred's missive to his desk, and handed it him with one of her eloquent looks, grave and pitiful. He seemed struck by her beauty and her manner.

"It was pinned on my parasol, Sir, by a poor prisoner at Drayton House," said Mrs. Dodd.

"Oh, indeed," said the gentleman, and began to read the superscription with a cold and wary look. But it thawed visibly as he read. He opened the missive, and ran his eye over it. The perusal moved him not a little: a generous flush mounted to his brow; he rang the bell sharply. A clerk answered it; the gentleman wrote on a slip of paper, and said, earnestly, "Bring me every letter that is signed with that name, and all our correspondence about him."

He then turned to Mrs. Dodd, and put her a few questions, which drew out the main facts I have just related. The papers were now brought in. "Excuse me a moment," said he, and ran over them. "I believe the man is sane," said he, "and that you will have enabled us to baffle a conspiracy, a heartless conspiracy."

"We do hope he will be set free, Sir," said Mrs. Dodd, piteously.

"He shall, madam, if it is as I suspect. I will stay here all night but I will master this case, and lay it before the Board myself without delay."

Julia looked at her mother, and then asked if it would be wrong to inquire "the poor gentleman's name."

"Humph!" said the official; "I ought not to reveal that without his consent. But stay! he will owe you much, and it really seems a pity he should not have an opportunity of expressing his gratitude. Perhaps you will favor me with your address; and trust to my discretion: of course, if he does not turn out as sane as he seems, I shall never let him know it."

Mrs. Dodd then gave her address; and she and Julia went home with a glow about the heart selfish people, thank Heaven, never know.

Unconsciously these two had dealt their enemy and Alfred's a heavy blow; had set the train to a mine. Their friend at the office was a man of another stamp than Alfred had fallen in with.

Meantime Alfred was subjected to hourly mortifications and irritations. He guessed the motive, and tried to baffle it by calm self-possession: but this was far more difficult than heretofore, because his temper was now exacerbated and his fibre irritated by broken sleep (of this poor David was a great cause), and his heart inflamed and poisoned by that cruel, that corroding passion, jealousy.

To think that while he was in prison a rival was ever at his Julia's ear, making more and more progress in her heart. This corroder was his bitter companion day and night; and perhaps of all the maddeners human cunning could have invented this was the worst. It made his temples beat and his blood run boiling poison. Indeed, there were times when he was so distempered by passion that homicide seemed but an act of justice, and suicide a legitimate relief. For who could go on forever carrying Hell in his bosom up and down a prison yard? He began to go alone: to turn impatiently from the petty troubles and fathomless egotism of those afflicted persons he had hitherto forced his sore heart to pity. Pale, thin, and wobegone, he walked the weary gravel, like the lost ones in that Hall of Eblis, whose hearts were a devouring fire. Even an inspector with a naked eye would no longer have distinguished him at first sight from a lunatic of the unhappiest class, the melancholiac.

Ipse suum cor edens hominum vestigia vitans.

Mrs. Archbold looked on and saw this sad sight not with the pity it would once have caused, but with a sort of bitter triumph lightened by no pleasure, and darkened by the shadow of coming remorse. Yet up to this time she had shown none of that inconstancy of purpose which marks her sex; while she did go far to justify the poet's charge:

"Nor Hell a fury like a woman scorned."

Rooke had a hint to provoke Alfred to violence such as would justify them in subjecting so popular a patient to bodily restraint, composing draughts, and other quick maddeners. Rooke entered into the game zealously from two motives; he was devoted to Mrs. Archbold, and he hated Alfred, who had openly defied him and mortified his vanity about Frank Beverley.

One Saturday Alfred was ordered out to walk with Rooke and Hayes and Vulcan. He raised no objection; suspected, felt homicidal, suppressed the impulse, and by this self-command he got time to give that letter to Beverley with instructions.

But, all the walk, he was saying to himself that Julia was in the house, and he was kept away from her, and a rival with her; this made him sicken and rage by turns. He came back in a state verging on fury.

On entering the yard poor Beverley, who had done his bit of cunning, and by reaction now relapsed into extra simplicity, came running, and said, "I've done it; she has got it."

"What have you done? Who has got what?"

"Don't tell, Frank."

"If you don't I'll shake your life out, ye young blackguard," cried Rooke, seizing him, and throttling him till he was black in the face.

Alfred's long-pent fury broke out: he gnashed his teeth and dashed his fist in Rooke's face.

Rooke bellowed with pain and anger, and, rushing at him incautiously, received a stinger that staggered him, and nearly closed his right eye. He took the hint, and put himself in a posture that showed he was skilled in the art of self-defense. He stopped two blows neatly, and returned a heavy one upon the ribs. Alfred staggered back some steps, but steadied himself, and, as Rooke rushed in too hastily to improve his advantage, caught him heavily on the other eye, but lost his own balance a little, which enabled Rooke to close; then came a sharp, short rally of re-echoing blows, and Rooke, not to be denied, got hold of his man, and a wrestling bout ensued, in which, Alfred being somewhat weakened by misery and broken rest, Rooke's great weight and strength enabled him after a severe struggle to fall with his antagonist under him, and knock the breath out of his body for the moment. Then Hayes, who had stood prudently aloof, came in and helped handcuff him; they could not walk up and down him for the Robin, who stood by with a professional air to see fair play.

"Ah, cold iron is your best chance," he said, satirically. "Never you mind, Sir: you hit quick and well: I'd back you at long odds in the ring: both his peepers are in deep mourning." He added, "A cow can beat a man wrestling."

When Alfred was handcuffed they turned him loose. It soon transpired, however, that he was now a dangerous maniac (Formula), and to be confined in the noisy ward.

On hearing this he saw the trap he had fallen into; saw and trembled: he asked himself what on earth he should do; and presently the saying came back to him, "And this is the highest stroke of art to turn evil into good." He argued thus: Wolf's love of money is my great evil: he will destroy me for money, do any thing for money. Then suppose I offer him money to be honest. He begged an interview with Dr. Wolf on business. This was accorded at once. He asked the doctor plump whether he received a large sum to detain him under pretense of insanity.

"Not very, considering the trouble you sometimes give, Mr. Hardie," was the dry reply.

"Well, then, justice shall outbid rascality for once. I am a sane man, and you know it; a man of my word, and you know it. I'll give you a thousand pounds to let me out of this place."

Dr. Wolf's eyes sparkled.

"You shall have any bond or security you like; and the money within a week of my deliverance."

Dr. Wolf said he should be delighted to do it, if he could conscientiously.

At this piece of hypocrisy Alfred's cheek reddened, and he could not speak.

"Well, well, I do see a great change in you for the better," said Dr. Wolf. "If, as I suspect, you are convalescent, I will part with you without a thousand pounds or a thousand pence."

Alfred stared. Had he mistaken his man?

"I'll tell you what, though," said the smooth doctor. "I have got two pictures, one by Raphael, one by Correggio."

"I know them," said the quick-witted Alfred; "they are worth more than a thousand pounds."

"Of course they are, but I would take a thousand pounds from *you*."

"Throw me in my liberty, and I'll make it guineas."

"We will see about that." And with this understanding the men of business parted. Dr. Wolf consulted Mrs. Archbold then and there.

"Impossible," said she; "the law would dissolve such a bargain, and you would be exposed and ruined."

"But a thousand pounds!" said the poor doctor.

"Oh, he offered me more than that," said Mrs. Archbold.

"You don't mean to say so; when was that?"

"Do you remember one Sunday that I walked him out to keep clear of Mrs. Dodd? Have you not observed that I have not repeated the experiment?"

"Yes. But I really don't know why."

"Will you promise me faithfully not to take any notice if I tell you?"

The doctor promised.

Then she owned to him with manifest reluctance that Alfred had taken advantage of her kindness, her indiscretion, in walking alone with him, and made passionate love to her. "He offered me not a thousand pounds," said she, "but his whole fortune and his heart, if I would fly with him from these odious walls; that was his expression."

Then seeing out of a corner of her eye that the doctor was turning almost green with jealousy, this artist proceeded to describe the love-scene between her and Alfred, with feigned hesitation, yet minute detail; only she inverted the parts; Alfred in her glowing page made the hot love; she listened abashed, confused, and tried all she could think of to bring him to better sentiments. She concluded this chapter of history inverted with a sigh, and said, "So now he hates me, I believe, poor fellow."

"Do you regret your refusal?" asked Dr. Wolf, uneasily.

"Oh no, my dear friend. Of course my judgment says that few women at my age and in my position would have refused. But we poor women seldom go by our judgments." And she cast a tender look down at the doctor's feet.

In short, she worked on him so, that he left Alfred at her disposition, and was no sooner gone to his other asylum six miles off than the calumniated was conducted by Hayes and Rooke through passage after passage, and door after door, to a wing of the building connected with the main part only by a covered way. As they neared it, strange noises became audible. Faint at first, they got louder and louder. Singing, roaring, howling like wolves. Alfred's flesh began to creep. He stopped at the covered way: he would have fought to his last gasp sooner than go further; but he was handcuffed. He appealed to the keepers: but he had used them both too roughly; they snarled and forced him on, and shut him into a common flagged cell, with a filthy truckle-bed in it, and all the vessels of gutta-percha. Here he was surrounded by the desperate order of maniacs he at present scarcely knew but by report. Throughout that awful night he could never close his eyes for the horrible unearthly sounds that assailed him. Singing, swearing, howling like wild beasts! His right-hand neighbor reasoned high of faith and works, ending each pious argument with a sudden rhapsody of oaths, and never slept a wink. His left-hand neighbor alternately sang and shouted, "Cain was a murderer, Cain was a murderer;" and howled like a wolf, making night hideous. His opposite neighbor had an audience, and every now and then delivered, in a high nasal key, "Let us curse and pray;" varying it sometimes thus: "Brethren, let us work double tides." And then he would deliver a long fervent prayer, and follow it up immediately with a torrent of blasphemies so terrific that coming in such a contrast they made Alfred's body wet with perspiration to hear a poor creature so defy his Creator. No rest, no peace. When it was still the place was like the grave; and ever and anon, loud, sharp, tremendous, burst a thunder-clap of curses, and set those poor demented creatures all yelling again for half an hour, making the tombs ring. And at clock-like intervals a harmless but dirty idiot, who was allowed to roam the ward, came and chanted through the keyhole, "Every thing is nothing, and nothing is every thing."

This was the only observation he had made for many years.

His ears assailed with horrors, of which you have literally no conception, or shadow of a conception, his nose poisoned with ammoniacal vapors, and the peculiar wild-beast smell that marks the true maniac, Alfred ran wildly about his cell trying to stop his ears and trembling for his own reason. When the fearful night rolled away, and morning broke, and he could stand on his truckle-bed and see God's hoar-frost on a square yard of grass level with his prison bars, it refreshed his very soul, and affected him almost to tears. He was then, to his surprise, taken out, and allowed to have a warm bath and to breakfast with David and the rest; but I suspect it was done to watch the effect of the trial he had been submitted to. After breakfast, having now no place to go, he lay on a bench, and there exhausted nature overpowered him, and he fell fast asleep.

Mrs. Archbold came by on purpose, and saw him. He looked very pale and peaceful. There was a cut on his forehead due to Rooke's knuckles. Mrs. Archbold looked down, and the young figure and haughty face seemed so unresisting and peaceful sad, she half relented. That did not, however, prevent her setting her female spies to watch him more closely than ever.

He awoke cold but refreshed, and found little Beverley standing by him with wet eyes. Alfred smiled and held out his hand like a captive monarch to his faithful vassal. "They sha'n't put you in the noisy ward again," sobbed Frank. "This is your last night here."

"Hy, Frank, you rascal, my boots!" roared Rooke from an open window.

"Coming, Sir—coming!"

Alfred's next visitor was the Robin. He came whispering, "It is all right with Garrett, Sir, and he has got a key of the back gate: but you must get back to your old room, or we can't work."

"Would to Heaven I could, Robin; another night or two in the noisy ward will drive me mad, I think."

"Well, Sir, I'll tell you what you do: which we all have to do it at odd times: hold a candle to the devil: here she comes: I think she is every where all at one time." The Robin then sauntered away, affecting nonchalance: and Alfred proceeded to hold the candle as directed. "Mrs. Archbold," said he, timidly, rising from his seat at her approach.

"Sir," said she, haughtily, and affecting surprise.

"I have a favor to ask you, madam. Would you be so kind as to let me go back to my room?"

"What, you have found I am not so powerless as you thought."

"I find myself so weak, and you so powerful, that—you can afford to be generous."

"I have no more power over you than you have over me."

"I wish it was so."

"I'll prove it," said she. "Who has got the key of your room? Hayes?" She whistled, and sent for him; and gave him the requisite order before Alfred. Alfred thanked her warmly.

She smiled, and went away disposed to change her tactics, and, having shown him how she could torment, try soothing means, and open his heart by gratitude.

But presently looking out of her window she saw the Robin and him together; and somehow they seemed to her subtle, observant eyes to be plotting. The very suspicion was fatal to that officer. His discharge was determined on. Meantime she set her spies to watch him, and tell her if they saw or heard any thing.

Now Mrs. Archbold was going out to tea that evening, and, as soon as ever this transpired, the keepers secretly invited the keeperesses to a party in the first-class patients' drawing-room. This was a rare opportunity, and the Robin and Garrett put their heads together accordingly.

In the dusk of the evening the Robin took an opportunity and slipped a new key of the back gate into Alfred's hand, and told him the trick was to be done that very night: he was to get Thompson to go to bed early: and, instead of taking off his clothes, was to wait in readiness. "We have been plying Hayes already," said the Robin, "and, as soon as *she* is off, we shall hocus him, and get the key; and while they are all larking in the drawing-room, off you go to Merrimashee."

"Oh, you dear Robin! You have taken my breath away. But how about Vulcan?"

"Oh, we knew how to make him amiable: a dog-fancier, a friend of mine, has provided the ondeniable where dogs is concerned, which it is the liver of a bitch killed at heat if you must know; whereby Garrett draws the varmint into the scullery, and shuts him in, while I get the key from the other. *It's* all right."

"Ah, Robin," said Alfred, "it sounds too good to be true. What? this my last day here!"

The minutes seemed to creep very slowly till eight o'clock came. Then he easily persuaded David to go to bed; Hayes went up and unlocked the door for them: it closed with a catch-lock. Hayes was drunk, but full of discipline, and insisted on the patients putting out their clothes; so Alfred made up a bundle for his portmanteau, and threw it out. Hayes eyed it suspiciously, but was afraid to stoop and inspect it closer; for his drunken instinct told him he would pitch on his head that moment: so he retired grumbling and dangling his key.

At the end of the corridor he met Mrs. Archbold full dressed, and with a candle in her hand. She held the candle up and inspected him; and a little conversation followed that sobered Mr. Hayes for a minute or two.

Mrs. Archbold was no sooner gone to her little tea-party than all the first-class ladies and gentlemen were sent to bed to get a good sleep for the good of their health, and the keepers and keeperesses took their place and romped, and made such a row sleep was not easy within hearing of them. They sat on the piano, they sang songs to a drum accompaniment played on the table, they danced, drank, flirted, and enjoyed themselves like school-boys. Hayes alone was gloomy, and morose: so the Robin and Garrett consoled him, drank with him, and soothed him with the balm of insensibility: in which condition they removed him under charitable pretenses, and searched his pockets in the passage for the key of Alfred's room.

To their infinite surprise and disappointment it was not upon him.

The fact is, Mrs. Archbold had snatched it from him in her wrath, and put it in her own pocket. How far her suspicions went, how much her spies had discovered, I really don't know; but somehow or other she was uneasy in her mind, and, seeing Hayes in such a state, she would not trust him during her absence, but took the key away with her.

The Robin and Garrett knew nothing of this, and were all abroad; but they thought Rooke must have the key; so they proceeded to drink with him, and were just about to administer a really effective soporific in his grog, when they and all the merry party were suddenly startled by violent ringing at the bell, and thundering and halloaing at the hall-door. The men jumped to their feet and balanced themselves, and looked half wild, half stupid. The women sat, and began to scream: for they had heard a word that has terrors for us all; peculiar terrors for them.

This alarm was due to a personage hitherto undervalued in the establishment.

Mr. Francis Beverley had been THINKING. So now, finding all the patients boxed up, and their attendants romping in the drawing-room, he lighted seven fires, skillfully on the whole, for practice makes perfect; but, singular oversight, he omitted one essential ingredient in a fire, and that was the grate.

To be plain, Mr. Francis made seven bonfires of bed-curtains, chairs, and other combustibles in the servants' garrets, lighted them contemporaneously, and retired to the basement, convinced he had taken the surest means to deliver his friend out of Drayton House; and with a certain want of candor that characterizes the weak, proceeded to black his other bad masters' shoes with singular assiduity.

There was no wind to blow the flame; but it was a clear frost; and soon fiery tongues shot out of three garret-windows into the night, and lurid gleams burnished four more, and the old house was burning merrily overhead, and ringing with hilarity on the first floor.

But the neighbors saw, pointed, wondered, comprehended, shouted, rang, knocked, and surged round the iron gate. "Fire! fire! fire!" and "Fire!" went down the road, and men on horseback galloped for engines; and the terror-stricken porter opened and the people rushed in and hammered at the hall doors, and, when Rooke ran down and opened, "Fire!" was the word that met him from a score of eager throats and glittering eyes.

"Fire! Where?" he cried.

"Where! Why, *you* are on fire. Blazing!"

He ran out and looked up at the tongues of flame and volleys of smoke. "Shut the gate!" he roared. "Call the police. Fire! fire!" And he dashed back, and calling to the other keepers to unlock all the doors they had keys of, ran up to the garrets to see what could be done. He came out awe-stricken at what he saw. He descended hastily to the third floor. Now the third floor of that wing was occupied principally by servants. In fact, the only patients at that time were Dodd and Alfred. Rooke called to the men below to send Hayes up to No. 75 with his key directly: he then ran down to the next floor; of which he had keys; and opened all the doors, and said to the inmates with a ghastly attempt at cheerfulness, belied by his shaking voice, "Get up, gentlemen; there is a ball and supper going on below." He was afraid to utter the word "fire" to them. The other keepers were as rapid, each on his beat, and soon the more rational patients took the alarm and were persuaded or driven out half dressed into the yard, where they cowered together in extremity of fear; for the fire began to roar overhead like a lion and lighted up the whole interior red and bright. All was screaming and confusion; and then came a struggle to get the incurable out from the basement story. There was no time to handcuff them. The keepers trusted to the terror of the scene to cow them, and so opened the doors and got them out anyhow. Wild, weird forms, with glaring eyes and matted hair, leaped out and ran into the hall, and laughed, and danced, and cursed in the lurid reflection of the fires above. Hell seemed discharging demons. Men recoiled from them. And well they did; for now the skylight exploded, and the pieces fell tinkling on the marble hall fast as hail. The crowd recoiled and ran; but those awful figures continued their gambols. One picked up the burning glass and ground it in his hands that bled directly: but he felt neither burn nor cut. The keepers rushed in to withdraw them from so dangerous a place: all but one obeyed with sudden tameness: that one struggled and yelled like a demon. In the midst of which fearful contest came a sudden thundering at a door on the third floor.

"Christ! What is that?" cried Rooke.

"It is Mr. Hardie," screamed the Robin. "You have left him locked in."

"I told Hayes to let him out long ago."

"But Hayes hasn't got the key. You've got it."

"No, no. I tell you Hayes has got it."

"No, no! Murder! murder! They are dead men. Run for Mrs. Archbold, somebody. Run! Here, hammers, hammers! for God's sake come and help me break the door. Oh, Rooke, Rooke!"

"As I'm a man Hayes has got the key," cried Rooke, stamping on the ground, and white with terror.

By this time Garrett had got a hammer, and he and Wales rushed wildly up the stairs to batter in the strong door if they could. They got to the third floor, but with difficulty; the smoke began to blind them and choke them, and fiery showers fell on them, and drove them back, smarting and choking. Garrett sank down gasping at the stair-foot. Wales ran into the yard uttering pitiful cries, and pointing wildly upward: but before he got there a hand had broken through the glass of a window up in the third floor, the poor white hand of a perishing prisoner, and clutched the frame-work and tore at it.

At this hand a thousand white faces were now upturned amidst groans of pity and terror such as only multitudes can utter. Suddenly those anxious faces and glistening eyes turned like one, for an attempt, wild and unintelligible, but still an attempt, was about to be made to save that hand and its owner out of the very jaws of death.

Now among the spectators was one whose life and reason were at stake on that attempt.

Mrs. Dodd was hurrying homeward from this very neighborhood when the fire broke out. Her son Edward was coming at nine o'clock to tea, and, better still, to sleep. He was leaving the fire brigade. It had disappointed him; he found the fire-escape men saved the lives, the firemen only the property. He had gone into the business earnestly too; he had invented a thing like a treble pouch hook, which could be fastened in a moment to the end of a rope, and thrown into the window, and would cling to the bare wall, if there was nothing better, and enable him to go up and bring life down. But he had never got a chance to try it; and, per contra, he was on the engine when they went tearing over a woman and broke her arm and collar-bone in the Blackfriars'-road: and also when they went tearing over their own fire-dog and crippled him. All this seemed out of character, and shocked Edward: and then his mother could not get over the jacket.

In a quarter of an hour he was to take off the obnoxious jacket forever, and was now lounging at the station smoking a short pipe, when a man galloped up crying "Fire!"

"All right!" said Edward, giving a whiff. "Where?"

"Lunatic Asylum. Drayton House."

Guess how long before the horses were to, and the engine tearing at a gallop down the road, and the firemen shouting "Fire! fire!" to clear the way, and Edward's voice the loudest.

When the report of fire swept townward past Mrs. Dodd, she turned: and saw the glow.

"Oh dear," said she, "that must be somewhere near Drayton House." And full of the tender fears that fill such bosoms as hers for those they love, she could not go home till she had ascertained that it was not Drayton House. Moreover, Edward's was the nearest station; she had little hope now of seeing him to tea. She sighed, and retraced her steps, and made timid inquiries, but could gain no clear information. Presently she heard galloping behind her, and the firemen's wild sharp cry of fire. An engine drawn by two powerful brown horses came furiously, all on fire itself with red paint and polished steel gleaming in the lights: helmeted men clustered on it, and out of one of these helmets looked a face like a fighting lion's, the eyes so dilated, the countenance in such towering excitement, the figure half rising from his seat as though galloping was too slow and he wanted to fly. It was Edward: mother and son caught sight of one another as the engine thundered by, and he gave her a solemn ardent look and pointed toward the fire: by that burning look and eloquent gesture she knew it was something more than a common fire. She trembled and could not move. But this temporary weakness was followed by an influx of wild vigor; she forgot her forty-two years, and flew to hover round the fire as the hen round water. Unfortunately she was too late to get any nearer than the road outside the gates, the crowd was so dense. And, while her pale face and anxious eyes, the eyes of a wife and a mother, were bent on that awful fire, the human tide flowed swiftly up behind her, and there she was wedged in. She was allowed her foot of ground to stand and look like the rest—no more. Mere unit in that mass of panting humanity, hers was one of the thousands of upturned faces lurid in the light of the now blazing roof. She saw with thousands the hand break the window and clutch the frame: she gasped with the crowd at that terrible and piteous sight, and her bosom panted for her fellow-creature in sore peril. But what is this? The mob inside utter a great roar of hope; the crowd outside strain every eye.

A gleaming helmet overtops the outer wall. It is a fireman mounting the great elm-tree in the mad-house yard. The crowd inside burst in a cheer. He had a rope round his loins; his face was to the tree. He mounted and mounted like a cat; higher, and higher, and higher, till he reached a branch about twelve feet above the window and as many distant from it laterally: the crowd cheered him lustily. But Mrs. Dodd, half distracted with terror, implored them not to encourage him. "It is my child!" she cried, despairingly; "my poor reckless darling! Come down, Edward; for your poor mother's sake, come down."

"Dear heart," said a woman, "it is the lady's son. Poor thing!"

"Stand on my knee, ma'am," said a coal-heaver.

"Oh no, Sir, no. I could not look at him for the world. I can only pray for him. Oh, good people, pray for us!" And she covered her face, and prayed and trembled and sobbed hysterically. A few yards behind was another woman, who had arrived later, yet like her was wedged immovable. This woman was more terror-stricken than Mrs. Dodd: and well she might; for *she* knew who was behind that fatal window: the woman's name was Edith Archbold. The flames were now leaping through the roof, and surging up toward heaven in waves of fire six feet high. Edward, scorched and half-blinded, managed to fasten his rope to the bough, and, calculating the distances vertical and lateral he had to deal with, took up rope accordingly, and launched himself into the air.

The crowd drew their breath so hard it sounded like a murmur. To their horror he missed the window, and went swinging back.

There was a cry of dismay. But Edward had never hoped to leap into the window; he went swinging by the rope back to the main stem of the tree, gave it a fierce spang with his feet, and by this means and a powerful gesture of his herculean loins got an inch nearer the window; back again, and then the same game; and so he went swinging to and fro over a wider and wider space; and, by letting out an inch of cord each swing, his flying feet came above the window-ledge, then a little higher, then higher still, and now, oh sight strange and glorious—as this helmeted hero, with lips clenched and great eyes that stared unflinching at the surging flames and gleamed supernaturally with inward and outward fire, swang to and fro on his frail support still making for the window—the heads of all the hoping, fearing, admiring, panting crowd went surging and waving to and fro beneath; so did not their hearts only but their agitated bodies follow the course of his body, as it rushed to and fro faster and faster through the hot air starred with snow-flakes and hail of fire. And those his fellow-men for whom the brave fireman made this supernatural effort, did they know their desperate condition? Were they still alive? One little hour ago Alfred sat on the bed, full of hope. Every minute he expected to hear the Robin put a key into the door. He was all ready, and his money in his pocket. Alas! his liberator came not: some screw loose again. Presently he was conscious of a great commotion in the house. Feet ran up and down. Then came a smell of burning. The elm-tree outside was illuminated. He was glad at first; he had a spite against the place. But soon he became alarmed, and hammered at the door and tried to force it. Impossible. "Fire" rang from men's voices. Fire crackled above his head. He ran about the room like a wild creature. He sprang up at the window and dashed his hand through, but fell back. He sprang again and got his hand on some of the lighter wood-work; he drew himself up nearly to the window, and then the wood gave way and he fell to the ground, and striking the back of his head, nearly stunned himself; the flames roared fearfully now; and at this David, who had hitherto sat unconcerned, started up, and in a stentorian voice issued order upon order to furl every rag of sail and bring the ship to the wind. He thought it was a tempest. "Oh hush! hush!" cried Alfred, in vain. A beam fell from the roof to the floor, precursor of the rest. On this David thought the ship was ashore, and shouted a fresh set of orders proper to the occasion, so terribly alike are the angry voices of the sister-elements. But Alfred implored him, and got him to kneel down with him, and held his hand, and prayed.

And, even while they kneeled and Alfred prayed, Death and Life met and fought for them. Under the door, tight as it was, and through the keyhole struggled a hot stifling smoke, merciful destroyer running before fire: and the shadow of a gigantic figure began to flicker in from the outside, and to come and go upon the wall. Alfred did not know what that was, but it gave him a vague hope: he prayed aloud as men pray only for their bodies. (The crowd heard him and hushed itself breathless.)

The smoke penetrated faster, blinding and stifling; the giant shadow came and went. But now the greater part of the roof fell in with an awful report; the blazing timbers thundered down to the basement with endless clatter of red-hot tiles; the walls quivered, and the building belched skyward a thousand jets of fire like a bouquet of rockets; and then a cloud of smoke. Alfred gave up all hope, and prepared to die. Crash! as if discharged from a cannon, came bursting through the window with the roar of an applauding multitude and a mother's unheeded scream, a helmeted figure rope in hand, and alighted erect and commanding on the floor amidst a shower of splinters and tinkling glass. "Up men for your lives!" roared this fire warrior, clutching them hard, and dragged them both up to their feet by one prodigious gesture: all three faces came together and shone in the lurid light; and he knew his father and "the wretch," and the wretch knew him. "Oh!" "Ah!" passed like pistol shots; but not a word: even this strange meeting went for little, so awful was the moment, so great are Death and Fire. Edward clawed his rope to the bed; up to the window by it, dropped his line to fireman Jackson planted express below, and in another moment was hawling up a rope-ladder: this he attached, and getting on it and holding his own rope by way of baluster cried "Now men, quick, for your lives." But poor David called that deserting the ship, and demurred, till Alfred assured him the captain had ordered it. He then submitted directly, touched his forelock to Edward, whom he took for that officer, and went down the ladder; Alfred followed.

Now the moment those two figures emerged from the burning pile, Mrs. Dodd, already half dead with terror for her son, saw and knew her husband: for all about him it was as light as day.

What terror! what joy! what gratitude! what pride! what a tempest of emotions!

But her fears were not ended; Edward, not to overweight the ladder, went dangling by his hands along the rope toward the tree. And his mother's eyes stared fearfully from him to the other, and her heart hung trembling on her husband descending cautiously, and then on his preserver, her son, who was dangling along by the hands on that frail support. The mob cheered him royally, but she screamed and hid her face again. At last both her darlings were safe, and then the lusty cheers made her thrill with pride and joy, till all of a sudden they seemed to die away and the terrible fire to go out; and the sore-tried wife and mother drooped her head, and swooned away, wedged in and kept from falling by the crowd.

Inside, the mob parted and made two rushes, one at the rescued men, one at the gallant fireman. Alfred and David were overpowered with curiosity and sympathy. They had to shake a hundred honest hands; and others still pressing on, hurried them nearly off their feet.

"Gently, good friends, don't part us," said Alfred.

"He is the keeper," said one of the crowd.

"Yes, I'm his keeper: and I want to get him quietly away. This excitement will do him harm else; good friends, help me out by that door."

"All right," was the cry, and they rushed with him to the back door. Rooke, who was about twenty yards off, saw and suspected this movement. He fought his way and struggled after Alfred in silence. Presently, to his surprise, Alfred opened the gate and whipped out with David, leaving the door open. Rooke shouted and halloaed: "Stop him! he is escaping!" and struggled madly to the door: now another crowd had been waiting in the meadows; seeing the door opened they rushed in and the doorway was jammed directly. In the confusion Alfred drew David along the side of the wall; told him to stay quiet, bolted behind an outhouse, and then ran across country for the bare life.

To his horror David followed him, and with a madman's agility soon caught him.

He snorted like a spirited horse, and shouted cheerily. "Go ahead messmate; I smell blue water."

"Come on then," cried Alfred, half mad himself with excitement, and the pair ran furiously, and dashed through hedges and ditches, torn, bleeding, splashed, triumphant; behind them the burning mad-house, above them the spangled sky, the fresh free air of liberty blowing in their nostrils, and rushing past their ears.

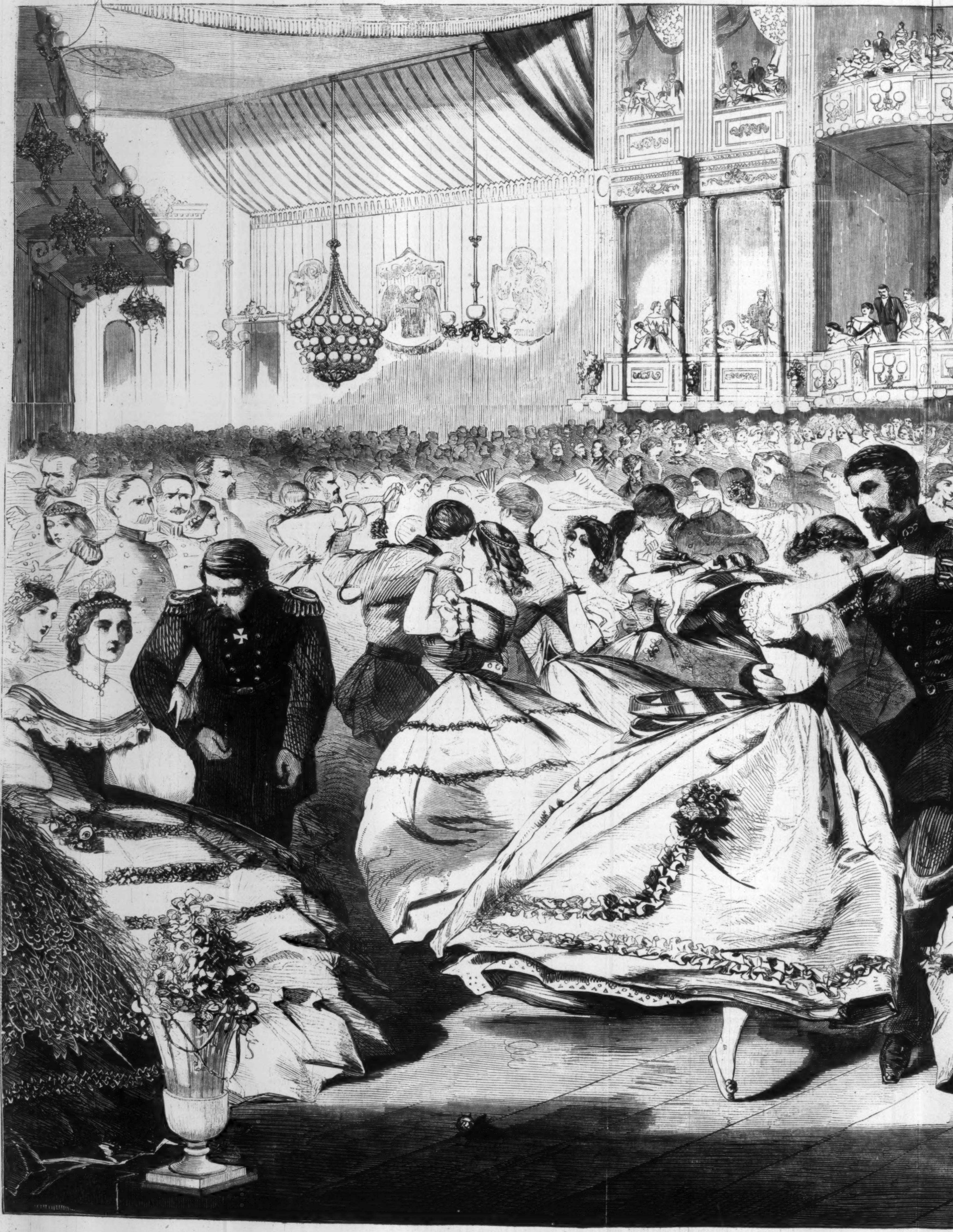
Alfred's chest expanded, he laughed for joy, he sang for joy, he leaped as he went; nor did he care where he went. David took the command, and kept snuffing the air, and shaping his course for blue water. And so they rushed along the livelong night.

Free.

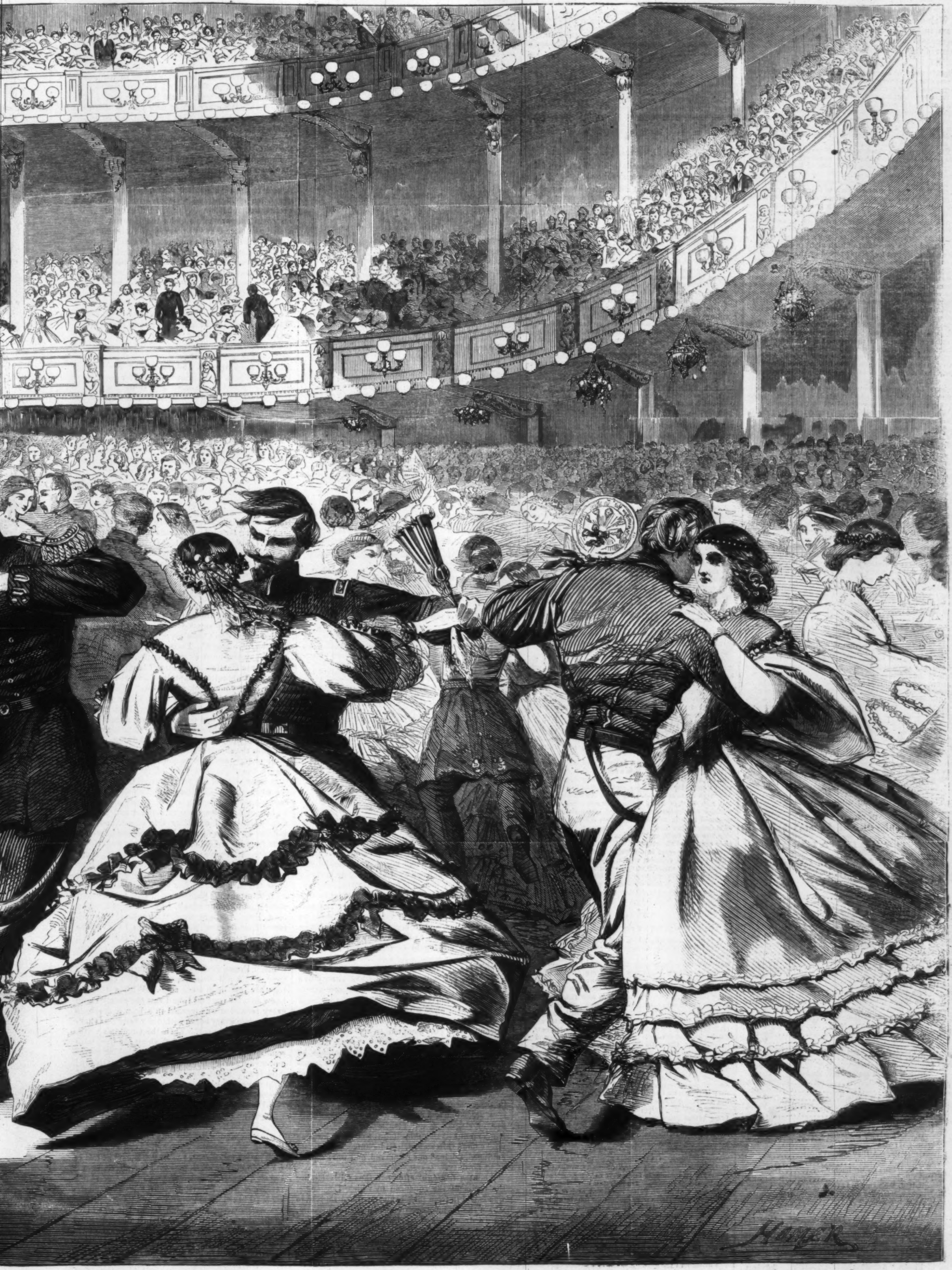
THE BRIDGE ACCIDENT AT CHICAGO.

On page 748 we illustrate the falling of the Rush Street Bridge at Chicago, an accident which took place on 3d instant. Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. Alschuler. A Chicago paper thus describes the event:

> A few minutes before five o'clock last evening the iron bridge across the river at Rush Street broke in two while turning, and precipitated twelve human beings and at least fifty cattle into the river. Several were drowned. Owing to the fact that it was growing dark at the time of the accident, and to the bustle and confusion incident to the scene, it was impossible to gather full particulars of the catastrophe. The following is all that could be ascertained:
>
> A herd of fat cattle, numbering about one hundred and fifty, was being driven over the bridge, in a northerly direction, at a quarter before five o'clock. About sixty of them were on the bridge, the remainder having crossed over, when the tug *Prindiville*, having two small vessels in tow, came steaming down the river, and blew the whistle as a signal to open the bridge. A minute afterward, and before having arrived within dangerous distance, the captain saw the cattle crowding over, and immediately reversed the screw, signaling the fact to the vessels in tow at the same moment. But it was too late. The bridge-tender saw the tug approaching, and, apprehensive of a collision, he commenced to swing the bridge, the north end of which was covered with cattle, the south end being empty. Of course this gave an immense preponderance to the former, and no sooner did the bridge swing clear of the bearings at the abutments than the north end descended. It sunk very slowly till it had dropped eight or nine feet, and then the whole weight of the structure being rested on one edge of the platform the bridge broke in the middle with a tremendous crash, precipitating every thing into the river, the two pieces falling right across the channel, one on each side, and leaving but one narrow space through which a vessel can pass.
>
> There were on the bridge at the same time two drovers, one of them mounted on horseback; James H. Dole, commission-merchant in this city; one woman with a child; a boy; and about four other men. The scene was indescribably terrible. Several of the cattle were jammed in among the broken material, being horribly mutilated, and sending forth most distressing sounds of agony. Human beings were struggling in the water, shrieking for help, and all around them were the uninjured cattle swimming about, and threatening mischief to their human companions in misfortune. The brig *Goble* was lying just below at the time, and her captain, Lewis Berry, sent off the first boat to the assistance of the sufferers. Other boats were quickly dispatched to the scene, and then the work of rescue began. This was not easily accomplished, as the animals were very thick in the water, and it was almost impossible to move among them for the purpose of aiding first the passengers. In consequence of this, and the rapidly increasing darkness, no one knew with certainty the number of those in peril. The following is believed to be the correct record of saved and lost.
>
> The bridge-tender leaped from the platform overhead to the one below. He fortunately was not struck by any of the splinters, and escaped with only a few bruises received in falling. His assistant is believed to be lost.
>
> Mr. Dole escaped almost by a miracle, falling into the water unharmed, and was picked up almost immediately. The horse and buggy were lost. The animal was a rather valuable one—worth four hundred dollars.
>
> One elderly gentleman secured one of the planks which formed the floor of the bridge, and swam ashore by its aid; three other men were picked up by the boats. The boy was also saved. He said there was a woman walking alongside him when the bridge broke. Nothing was seen of her. She is in all probability lost, with her child. It is feared that both drovers were lost, nothing having been seen of them since, and the cattle were last evening roaming about the streets of the North Division, with no one to take care of them.
>
> The horse on which the drover was riding was taken in tow by the *Goble's* boat and hoisted on board the vessel. He was soon claimed and taken away. In attempting to get him ashore the plank slipped and he again fell into the river. The task of effecting a second emersion was much more difficult than the first. The animal was nearly drowned.
>
> The majority of the cows swam to the dock without aid, and were pulled on land by the by-standers. Of the others, two were seen to drown, and five others were killed after reaching the dock, their injuries being of such a nature as to render recovery impossible. Several others remained inextricably fixed in the wreck, their moanings being plainly heard to a late hour last evening.



THE GREAT RUSSIAN BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF



Y OF MUSIC, NOVEMBER 5, 1863.—[See Page 746.]

THE GREAT RUSSIAN BALL.

ON pages 737, 744, and 745 we publish illustrations of the event of last week, THE GREAT RUSSIAN BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC. It was undoubtedly the greatest ball ever given in this country, without excepting the ball to the Prince of Wales. Whether it was a success or not appears to be a matter of some uncertainty. We condense from the *Herald* report the following account of the decorations of

THE BALL-ROOM.

Inside the door a pleasant change in the Academy was perceptible at the very first step. Instead of the ordinary barrenness of the vestibule, it had the comfortable coziness of furniture about it; and, instead of the usual bare floor, the foot fell softly on a carpet; and as you turned to the right, delivered your ticket, and passed up stairs, a heavy cloth of the rich Magenta color softened your footfall at every step of the way, and when you landed in the upper lobby it was there also, giving, in the brilliant light, a warm, rich glow to the whole place.

You were here at the door of the *foyer*, where the lady leaves her cloak, and where the gentleman leaves the lady, while he passes down to the end of this lobby and deposits his overcoat, cap, etc. No cap-money to pay—no charges by the hair-dresser—no charges at all. Returned to the *foyer*, the gentleman glances in on that scene of very orderly confusion and noisy quiet, and mentally helps the lady to get ready. More help is not necessary, as there is plenty there, and help with needle and thread, too, in case of accidents. Art is every where, and in all parts of life, and, just as men and women go to Italy to commune with the spirits of antiquity in their masterpieces, so women come and wait all night to put a stitch here and there, and feel amply repaid by the opportunity to study the dresses.

From the *foyer* you descend not as you came, but down the stairs at the other side, up the south stairs, and down the north. Not much of an idea that, one might say; and yet, simple as the idea was, it was a very considerable contribution to order and ease. But we go down the stairs still on our soft Magenta-colored cloth; we turn to the left, and we stand on carpet, and are in the lobby.

Down the lobby, to the left, two elegant little retiring rooms were thrown open, and further down was fitted up a quiet little temple for the especial delectation of those addicted to "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," whether the said cup be filled with a decoction of the Arabian berry or the Chinese shrub. This is one of those excellent ideas that need only to be suggested; and in future no ball will be perfect without this very agreeable feature. It would be impossible to overpraise the quiet taste with which this little place was arranged, or the excellence with which its object was carried out by Delmonico.

We enter at the central door between two bronze men at arms who bear flambeaus, and each of whom holds up his flambeau bravely, and looks resolute, as if he meant to see it out. We pass down the two or three steps that are there, and we are on the floor, and within that rich circle of softened light drawn by the line of the boxes. To the right and left are places of exit, marked by very beautiful vases of flowers, and in front, shutting out all the paraphernalia of the theatre, and softening the abrupt break that the circle of the auditorium necessarily makes, as it reaches the line of the stage, was an immense hall, closed in at the further end by a façade, beyond which was seen, as from an interior, a delicate landscape. Above and at either side this hall was tapestried in white, the white tapestry appearing to fall in graceful folds and to terminate at the floor in golden fringe. On either side, at the centre, were suspended shields, which bore the heraldic devices respectively of Russia and the United States.

Seen from the hall we have described, the auditorium of the Academy presented the most fresh and brilliant appearance. All the white had been repainted, all the gold regilt, and the panels on the front of the galleries that sustain the boxes, which were formerly of a dingy red, had been recolored in delicate green. A continuous drop, painted in festoons of flowers, masked the whole amphitheatre, and below the spaces between the pillars in the family circle were festooned in reality; and at the centre of each of these spaces were hung mammoth baskets of flowers, with gracefully drooping tendrils, etc.

At each side two of the upper proscenium boxes were draped in Russian and American flags, and at the centre of the first tier was suspended a perfect model in miniature of the ship *General Admiral*, bearing at her mizzen the signs of the signal code which read "Welcome Russia."

Even before the doors were thrown open crowds had assembled outside, and these, immediately upon the opening of the doors, began to stream in incessantly, seriously, joyously; in earnest, in haste—in all possible moods, manners, and ways—ladies in silks and satins, of pink, pearl, white, blue, of all the possible varieties, following up the shade from indigo till it melted into white; silks of green, crimson, purple, and yellow; silks ornamented and silks plain. And silks were not all, for there were ladies in velvet, and ladies in lace—ladies in cloaks, in furs, in shawls, and in hoods—ladies in head-dresses, and ladies with their glorious little heads left alone with their own beautiful hair. Every lady had diamonds on.

THE DANCING.

The order of dancing was as follows:

IN HONOR OF
THE OFFICERS OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

GRAND BALL,
AT THE
NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
NOVEMBER 5, 1863.

PROGRAMME.

	Overture to "William Tell"	Rossini.
	Selections from "Ernani"	Verdi.

Russian and American National Airs.

ORDER OF DANCING.

1.	Lanciers, "Ettie"	Helmsmuller.
	Aria from "Dinorah"	Meyerbeer.
2.	Waltz, "Slowanka Klange"	Gung'l.
	March, from the "Enchantress"	Grafulla.
3.	Gallop, "Allez Toujours"	Helmsmuller.
	Aria, "I due Foscari"	Verdi.
4.	Quadrille, "L'Etoile du Nord"	Strauss.
	Selections from "Robert"	Meyerbeer.
5.	Polka Redowa, "Czarina"	Helmsmuller.
	Aria, from "Martha"	Flotow.
6.	Lanciers, "Ballo in Maschera"	Verdi.
	March, "L'Etoile du Nord"	Meyerbeer.
7.	Waltz, "First Flirtation"	Strauss.
	Aria, "Trovatore"	Verdi.
8.	Gallop, "L'Alliance Joyeuse"	Helmsmuller.
	Duet, "Poliuto"	Donizetti.
9.	Quadrille, "Bijouterie"	Strauss.
	Ballad, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother"	Tucker.
10.	Polka, "Louisen"	Bergmann.
	March	Grafulla.
11.	Waltz, "Reussen Lieder"	Gung'l.
	Brindisi, "Macbeth"	Verdi.
12.	Lanciers, "Newport"	Fry.
	Duet, "Semiramide"	Rossini.
13.	Polka Redowa, "Les Grelots"	Ascher.
	March, "Nabuco"	Grafulla.
14.	Gallop, "Ione"	Helmsmuller.
	Quartette, "Attila"	Verdi.
15.	Quadrille, "Melodie"	Strauss.
	Aria, "Fille du Regiment"	Donizetti.
16.	Polka Redowa, "Frolic"	Bergmann.
	Ballad, "No One to Love"	Tucker.
7.	Lanciers, "Orphee aux Enfers"	Helmsmuller.
	Aria, "Traviata"	Verdi.
8.	Waltz, "Wahlstimmen"	Strauss.
	March, "Flag of the Free"	Grafulla.
9.	Gallop, "Espieglerie"	Helmsmuller.
	Aria, "Don Pasquale"	Donizetti.
0.	Waltz, "Scheiden"	Weisenburn.
	March, from "Linda"	Donizetti.
1.	Gallop, "Uprising"	Muzio.
	Finale, "Adieu"	Schubert.

The *Herald* reporter says:

Immediately after the Russians arrived the dance began. We call it a dance out of respect to conventional and popular prejudice. In truth it was a very wonderful and indescribable phantasmagoria of humanity. The frantic few struggling against the determined and desperate many. Had one chanced to know several persons present, it is remotely possible that he might have been able to pick them out, but in the absence of any such particular and personal knowledge, it was mere nonsense to suppose that there was any particular person there. It was mere mass and mere matter. As for a dance it was a mere sway of crude material, moved a little this way, a little that, but not a dance.

Alas! for the Russians. It is known, or should be, that these Sclavic heroes are not the very largest of the human race—that they are small men in fact—and what is to become of small men in such a jam? Early in the night—indeed, very soon after the dance began—we saw several of them in the embrace of grand nebulous masses of muslin and crinoline, whirled hither and thither as if in terrible torment, their eyes aglare, their hair blown out, and all their persons expressive of the most desperate energy, doubtless in the endeavor to escape. What became of them we can not tell.

THE TOILETS.

The *World* reporter made a careful survey of the ladies' toilets, and reports as follows:

Among the most beautiful and striking costumes was a superb white moire antique, with border of scarlet velvet, covered with black lace flounce. Ornaments, scarlet convolvulus, diamond dew-drops, and humming-bird of green and gold.

Another was of black velvet, with garniture of lace and diamonds, the lace forming a magnificent tunic, crossed up, with diamond spray head-dress to correspond.

A very full dress of white illusion bouillonee was ornamented with a set of black lace, forming wide scarf, border, and bow, and ends upon the skirt. Garniture of pomegranate blossoms, composing half wreaths, and branches for the skirt and corsage.

A superb dress was of lavender velvet, with ornaments of point lace, diamonds, and ostrich feathers.

A crimson velvet dress was also very striking, with its garniture of point d'Angleterre, and silver wheat.

A charming dress consisted of blue tarletan, in wide puffs, with an upper skirt of white moire antique, bordered with black barbe lace; garniture of blue forget-me-nots and white roses.

A very striking costume consisted of white puffed illusion with a short dress of rose-colored silk, drawn up at intervals with slender lace barbes; coiffure of narrow rose-colored ribbon, laid like a barbe, and white camelias.

A rich white moire antique was trimmed with deep black chenille fringe upon the skirt, body, and sleeves. Diamond ornaments.

Another was very peculiar, with a trimming composed of wide bows and ends, edged with black velvet and lace. Head-dress of white queen roses and black lace barbes, with large green glistening bug among the roses.

A magnificent white satin dress was bordered with puffed illusion, and looped at intervals with bunches of lilies of the valley over black velvet.

The upper part of a much-admired black and white dress was composed of a black velvet tunic, and the lower part of the skirt of white moire antique, covered with alternating puffings and flounces of black lace, ornaments, roses, diamonds, and emeralds.

A robe of lavender moire antique was ornamented with immense medallions, which extended the entire length of the skirt, widening at the base, and studded with roses. A half wreath of the same flowers, and a superb set of diamonds completed the garniture.

A rich dress of gold-colored satin was completed by rich ornaments of black lace, a broad gold-comb in the hair, and a golden butterfly.

A mauve moire antique was trimmed across the sides with short volants of point lace, finished with dilar tassels; coiffure consisted of white barbes and crimson camelia, with diamond ornaments.

A bride was lovely in a dress of white corded silk, with an illusion over-dress, a white illusion veil, and ornaments of white narcisse.

Two beautiful sisters attracted attention in dresses of pink moire, with flounces of white point d'Angleterre and garniture of pink flush roses, showered with diamond powder.

A leading actress was also attired as usual in a rich robe of mauve satin, trimmed with a deep flounce of point applique, looped up with a bunch of white feathers and diamond cluster—cornelian set in violets, and diamond aigrette, ornamented her dark hair.

Two very full dresses of white illusion, trimmed with a profusion of ruches, were beautiful, with scarlet empress sashes embroidered with gold, and bunches of white hyacinth and scarlet primrose.

A dress of rose-colored moire antique was elegantly trimmed with point applique, brought up in squares upon the skirt, the spaces occupied with bunches of white and crimson roses.

A beautiful blonde wore a dress of dark maroon velvet, with an immense white lace wreath. Her fair hair was simply ornamented with a bow and long ends of narrow velvet, the color of her dress, and a splendid white Moselle rose high up over the ear; diamond ornaments.

A rich dress of white corded silk was ornamented with puffings of illusion over bands of rose-colored silk, surmounted by silk rosettes. Empress scarf of rose-colored silk crossed low down upon the back of the skirt, with side bow and ends, and bunches of roses with white narcisse completed the costume.

The empress scarf is a novelty, and was strikingly exhibited in rich crimson velvet, edged with full illusion ruches upon a magnificent dress of white moire antique head-dress of crimson cactus and white blossoms.

Nearly all the jewels were diamonds. We have never seen so magnificent a display except upon the occasion of the Prince of Wales' ball.

THE SUPPER.

The *Herald* reporter says:

A covered passage, which had been erected in a few hours, led from the Academy of Music to Irving Hall, where Delmonico had prepared the supper. This passage way was most beautifully decorated. Flags were hung from the ceiling, while the sides were draped in white muslin dotted with golden stars; flowers were profusely piled about, and rich carpets covered the floors. The steps ascending into the Hall were also richly carpeted. The entrance was beautifully decorated. Statues, lights, and flowers were here arranged in the most tasteful manner, while through the opened doors was seen the beautiful Hall brilliantly lighted and resplendent with banners, escutcheons, and devices. Festoons were hung around the gallery. On the walls were shields bearing the arms of Russia; also on each side of the Hall were placed two broad Union shields. The effect produced was really magnificent, and redounds to the credit of Mr. Harrison, the proprietor of Irving Hall, under whose direction these decorations were made. At all times the place is beautiful; it is spacious and highly ornamented with frescoes; but as arranged last night it was resplendent.

The *coup d'œil* from the gallery was most effective. Long tables reached around the whole of the immense Hall. These tables, under the charge of Delmonico, were set in the most attractive manner. Fruits, rare at this season, were in abundance, while the bright crystals and bouquets were distributed about in the most elegant and tasteful manner. On the table fronting the entrance were placed the "*pieces montees,*" or grand works in confectionery. In temples of fame were to be seen Alexander II. and President Lincoln. On pedestals of variegated sugars were the statues of Peter the Great and our immortal Washington. There were designs for fountains, arches of triumph, the rotunda of Athens, cornucopias of plenty, devices rare and ingenious, all sweetly worked out. In fact, the table was a triumphant proof of the ability of our great caterer, and excelled all previous displays of the kind. As for the qualities of the viands and the wines it is needless to say a word of praise. The name of Delmonico is a guarantee for excellence in those departments.

Throughout the evening the supper rooms were thronged, and presented the most animated, most brilliant appearance. The beautiful toilets of the ladies, the glitter of their diamonds, the gay uniforms of the officers, all blended into a harmonious *ensemble*, which but added to the magnificent appearance of the Hall. Above the laughter of the guests and the loud popping of the Widow Clicquot Champagne were heard the strains of music, the odor of flowers and of the pates also mingled; and we must assert that if the Academy, with its waltzes, its quadrilles and polkas, attracted the guests, Irving Hall, with its splendid table and rich wines, was no less patronized. The covered passage-way was constantly crowded, and we observed that more than a necessary amount of care was taken by many, very many persons, to repeat their visits to the Hall. We suppose its brilliant appearance was the attraction.

The bill of fare read as follows:

"SOIREE RUSSE."
LE 5 NOVEMBER, 1863.

MENU.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Huitres a la poulette: Huitres en marinade: Bonchees de gibier: Canapes de filets d'ortolans:
Snit-mitch a la Russe.

GROS PIECES.

Saumons au beurre de Montpellier:
Filets de bœuf a la Mazarin:
Galantine de cochon de lait garni de hatelets:
Jambons de Westphalie a la mederne.
Truites a la Regence:
Pates de canvas back ducks:
Pates de gibier sur socles:
Galantines de dindes aux truffes.

ENTREES.

Salades de volaille a la Russe:
Cotelettes de pigeons en Macedoine:
Chaudfroid de filets de fausans:
Pain de gibier a la royale:
Terrines de nerac de pluviers.
Cannetons a la rouennaise:
Bordures d'escalopes de homards:
Aspics de filets de soles a la Victoria:
Timbales a la renaissance:
Becassines a la Geoffroy.

ROTIS.

Cailles aux feuilles de vigne: Becasses bardees:
Faisans piques: Grouses.

ENTREMETS, SUCRES ET DESSERT.

Savarins au Marasquin: Biscuits Moscovites:
Gateaux de mille-feuilles: Babas glaces au rhum:
Charlottes Siberienne: Charlottes New Yorkaises.
Meringues panachees et Vanillees.
Gelees Macedoine au vin de Champagne:
Gelees d'antzick Orientales:
Gelees de poires a la marechale:
Gelees au madere.
Pains d'abricots a la Beresina:
Blanc manger rubanes au chocolat:
Bavarois aux fraises:
Biscuits glaces a la rose.
Gateaux assortis: Petit-fours: Compotes: Fruits.

PIECES MONTEES ET GLACES.

Pierre le Grand: Washington:
Alexander II. Lincoln:
Le berceau des palmiers: La rotonde d'Athene:
La fontaine moderne: L'ermitage Russe:
L'arc de triomphe: Cornes jumelles d'abondance:
Sultane a la parisienne: Le pavillon des aigles.

L'aigle Americain: Le casque sur socle: Pouding
Nesselrode: La lionne.
Colombus: Corbeille jardiniere: Les Dauphins:
Diane: Madeleines: Mousses aux amandes:
Bombes spongade: Ceylaus au cafe: Vanille:
Chocolat: Citrons et Fraises.
Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

The *World* reporter gives the following account of the edibles:

These viands and ornamental pieces did not appear in their native state; their presence was connected with combinations of jellies, sugar roses, winged doves, and pyramidal canopies. For a slice of boned turkey you had to throttle an eagle, pluck a flower, raze some evergreens, or remove an abutment or turret of congealed maple. Carving was thus dispensed with, and the spoon superseded the knife. As the ovation and ball is one which may leave its traces on centuries to come, we give, for the sake of history, an account of the principal edibles used, viz.:

Twelve thousand oysters—10,000 poulette and 2000 pickled.
Twelve monster salmon—30 lbs. each.
Twelve hundred game birds.
Two hundred and fifty turkeys.
Four hundred chickens.
One thousand pounds of tenderloin.
One hundred pyramids of pastry.
One thousand large loaves.
Three thousand five hundred bottles of wine.

FIRST TIME UNDER FIRE.

WHEN the President ordered the army to be filled up by recruiting, drafting, or otherwise, and the peaceful moneyed men of the North were roused to protect their persons by draining their pockets, I was moved by love of country, of adventure, and three hundred dollars, to offer myself as a recruit in the — Cavalry Regiment. So, under the protection of a strong body of infantry to preserve us from guerrillas, and to keep us from yielding to a natural temptation to display our patriotism by going home and again sacrificing our liberty on the altar of our country for a second three hundred dollars, I and fifty others were first jolted forty miles on a cattle car, then marched twenty-five miles to corps head-quarters, then fifteen across country to our brigade-commander, and then back again near the place whence we started to the camp of the regiment. After accompanying on foot the movements of our mounted troops for the next three weeks, it suddenly occurred to some member of the general's staff that we might perhaps be more efficient on horseback; and so we were transported back on the cars to the Cavalry Dépôt at Washington to be provided with horses. As we were all stout, active young fellows, we only lost in these various movements fifteen men from disease, desertion, and capture by guerrillas, and only five or six others got disheartened, and escaped home on our passage through the city; so in three weeks more thirty of us, well mounted, armed, and equipped, rejoined our command, and were reported fit for duty.

About a fortnight after our thus fairly joining the regiment the squadron to which I belonged was called in from picket, and marched rapidly to where the regiment was engaged with the enemy. As we drew near the firing became sharper and sharper, and suddenly the captain commanding formed us in line, and carried us forward on a trot. The rapidity of the movement, the jingling of the accoutrements, the pressure of the horses and men on each side of me caused a sensation of excitement rather pleasant than otherwise, and I began to feel very brave and warlike.

"What is it?" asked I of the old soldier beside me. "Are we going to charge them right off?"

I shall never forget the look of contemptuous wonder with which he looked at me as he replied:

"I've been jest two years in this here regiment, and you're the first man I ever met who thought he was going a-charging without drawing sabres. We're a-going to be shot at, young feller. That's all for the present."

There was something so cold-blooded in the idea and the way in which it was communicated that my enthusiasm was checked with a suddenness that caused me to shiver, and I asked no more questions until we were halted behind a thin belt of woods, on the other side of which active skirmishing was going on. Here I noticed the old soldiers get their carbines in readiness, and snapping of caps to clear the tube; and the consciousness of the deadly earnest in which the weapons were soon to be used turned me for the moment sick and solemn, and made me think simultaneously of home and of death. All the time there were curious sounds in the air above our heads, as if a constant succession of large and viciously-disposed night-beetles had mistaken us for lighted candles, and were whirring around us under that delusion; but seeing no notice taken of them by the others I was timid of alluding to the subject. At last, noticing the old soldier who before answered me dodge down quickly as one of these sounds was heard close above him, I ventured to inquire "what sort of bugs those were that made such a noise?" Indignation blended with scorn was visible in his countenance as he satisfied my curiosity:

"Bugs! Do you think that I am such a skeery old woman as to be twisting myself in my saddle 'cause a bug was flying at me? Them's pisen, them are! them's bullets!"

If he had told me they were 15-inch shell he couldn't have startled and astonished me more. Here I had been in imminent danger for ten minutes, and I had not known any thing about it. Instinctively I thought whether I could get out of the way without being detected and disgraced, and the same impulse attracted my eyes toward my Captain. There he sat as cool as a cucumber, reading a man a lecture as to the proper method of advancing his carbine, forcing two or three others to dress themselves more accurately upon the right sergeant, and all the while *looking straight at me.* There was no use in my trying to dodge away then. Presently a horse in front of me gave a half rear and dropped to the ground, and one or two men on foot came straggling through the wood from the front. Then there came slowly forth a mounted man leaning forward on his saddle, his hand pressed to his side, and red with blood. Then a squad of ten or fifteen burst through the branches, slinging their empty carbines, and rallying in a disorderly fashion upon our flank; and with a deadlier fury the whirr of the bullets swept above our line. "Steady there, men!" sang out the Captain. "Get your carbines ready, boys!" An old infantry soldier, who was my front rank man, turned round to me, and said, "I say, you take care to fire over my head, and don't blow my brains out with your shooting, d'ye hear?" I was in the act of promising to pay the most exact attention to his order, when I was startled by a burst of laughter behind me. That ubiquitous Captain was there listening. "Fire over your head, you goose," rejoined he. "I don't want him to bring down a star or a turkey-buzzard. You keep your fire, Dan, until I tell you to shoot, and don't let me see a man in the rear rank fire while I keep him standing there. Mind that now." While he was talking I could tell from the shouts that our men had repelled the rebel charge, and I was able to bear with composure the sight of a dead officer carried sadly past us by some of his men; but all at once along the whole enemy's line out poured a volley, the unseen weapons lightening up the closing night with a glare of fire whose length startled and amazed me. Horses fell on either side of me, and here and there a man's face would change, and he would slide from his saddle or draw his horse back from the line. It became perfectly dreadful sitting there inactive, waiting helplessly for death; and my hand half-consciously drawing upon my rein, my horse fell back about a foot from his place in line. At this instant the Captain cried out, "Attention, there!" and looking round, I saw his eyes fixed on me again. Again he cried, "Attention! Squadron into single rank, march!" and as I obeyed the order I saw our skirmishers slowly falling back through the wood and forming line upon our extreme left and in our rear. Then there was a pause. Presently I saw a movement among the trees, and could discern a mass of men clustering together just upon their edge. With a thrill, I knew that for the first time I saw the enemy; and every sensation was merged in a frantic desire to shoot, while every nerve within my body was shaking with excitement. Then the Captain's voice, steady and cheerful, sounded along the line, with some sympathetic power calming my shaking nerves and making every muscle as firm as iron, "Ready! Aim low! Front rank men, fire!" A blaze of light ran along our line, there was a deafening explosion, and a blinding smoke, through which I could hear the bullets of the enemy as they whistled past. I could see nothing, but I heard the voice of the Captain from my right command, "Rear rank men, fire!" and as our second volley belched forth, came the order, "Load and fire at will." And now it was pop! pop! pop! as fast as we could get the cartridges into our pieces, shouting and cheering as we did so, in answer to the rebel outcries. At length our cries met no response, I heard the officers command "Cease firing," the smoke swept away, and I found it was black night, through which I could just discern that I was one of about forty men, the remnant of the squadron; could hear a few slowly trotting back to the rear; could notice others on foot crossing the hill-top beyond, and perceive a mass of dead horses and one or two dead men still lying at my feet.

For a few minutes the Captain let us remove the corpses and destroy the equipments of the dead animals, and then we withdrew triumphantly to our comrades, the Captain telling us once that we had done well, and then bewailing his fate that he commanded men who did not know how to wheel by fours. That was my first acquaintance with rebel bullets, and even the old soldiers said that it was the closest affair in which they had ever been engaged.

Two days afterward I heard, for the first time, the sound of a shell; and I might as well make a clean breast of it, once for all, by describing my sensations connected with that.

We were in the rear of the army as it fell back upon Centreville—not the line of skirmishers, but what they call the reserve, formed in line a little behind them. The rest of the cavalry had moved on after the infantry, leaving us to hold a hill from which the enemy might have annoyed them with artillery. We sat there without seeing any thing in particular, and wondering why the rebels did not come out of the woods beyond us; when suddenly there was a big puff of smoke at the edge of the trees, a loud bang, and a tremendous screech in the air above our heads, so close that the sound almost took my head off. I looked at the Captain, expecting to hear him say, "By fours, do something or other;" but, confound it! he only said, "Steady!" as there was another puff, another bang, and another screech, as a big black mass of iron struck the ground ten yards in front of us, bounded over our heads, and burst almost above us. It gave such a shock to my nerves that I could not do any thing but shake, and I felt as if I should have much preferred being under the ground to being above it. Those rebels banged away at us for half a dozen rounds, each time striking close to us, before I saw our skirmish-line come riding back at a walk, and heard the Captain give the order, "By fours, march! Right countermarch!" and back we started. Two files in front of me marched Dan E——, one of those fellows who always has his retort ready. I heard the man next to him scolding at Dan's crowding him out of place: "Why the deuce can't you follow your file-leader?" "Hang the file-leader!" answered Dan, pushing him harder yet; "they've got range on him." And as he spoke sure enough a shell came down and buried itself in the earth just where he would have been if he had kept in his place. I can tell you we all rather obliqued after that, and pretty soon we got safely out of fire.

Now I know what artillery and musketry are both like; and though I shall not shirk from my place, I sincerely hope that we will not be in it very soon again.

HOME FROM THE WARS.

"THERE'LL be a bitin' black frost on the hills to-night, *I* tell ye!" said Moses Atterly, as he threw an armful of oak logs, fringed with silver-gray moss, upon the stone hearth, and rubbed his hands cheerily before the red, roaring blaze that encircled the rude iron fire-dogs in drifts of ruby sparks.

He was a tall, wiry-looking old man, with mild hazel eyes, and a skin well-nigh as brown as the basket of butter-nuts that stood in the corner—a man whom you might easily fancy to have grown up among those rock-bound, wind-swept wildernesses, as one of the giant pines on the steep cliffs above had grown—stalwart, sturdy, and true to the very heart's core. The room was very plain, with no curtains at the narrow-paned windows, and no carpet save the odd zigzag veins in the hickory boards that formed the floor; yet there was an air of comfort in the splint-bottomed chairs, with their red moreen cushions, and the round table, neatly spread for the evening meal. Over the fire an apoplectic black tea-kettle kept up a dreamy song, and Moses Atterly's only child sat, with folded hands, in the chimney corner, watching the vaporous wreaths curling from the spout—a pretty, soft-eyed girl, with a late rose in her braids of glossy chestnut-brown hair, and straight, clearly-cut features—now in shadow, now all irradiated by the capricious torches of flame that played at hide-and-seek in and out among the crevices of the great bubbling, singing logs.

"Have you been to the post-office to-night, father?" said she, suddenly looking up as Moses gave the smouldering back log a sort of remonstrating kick.

"No; but I met Jim Grayling down by the hemlock hollow, and he said he was goin' straight there; so I told him to ask if there was any thing for our folks. He'll be here directly, I calculate, for it must be all of two hours ago."

"I am sorry," said Bessie, almost petulantly. "Father, I detest the very sight of that man!"

"My daughter!" remonstrated Moses, "that ain't accordin' to either sense or Gospel."

"Well, I can't help it, father," coaxed Bessie, stealing her soft, dimpled hand into the rough palm that lay on Moses Atterly's knee. "He always seemed to me like—"

She stopped suddenly—so suddenly that the late rose fell out of her hair and lay on the stone hearth—for, as she turned her head, she saw James Grayling standing beside them, unfolding a coarse white-and-red worsted comforter from about his neck. He stooped, without a word, and picked up the rose for her.

"Why, Jim!" said Farmer Atterly, "where on airth did you drop down from? I didn't hear you come in."

"Didn't you? I am sure I knocked loud enough," said Grayling, with a deep red flush slowly fading away from his cheek. "Pretty well to-night, Bessie?"

"I'm well enough," pouted Bessie, without looking at him, and tossing her recovered rose in among the glowing cinders. Somehow it had lost its charm after having lain in James Grayling's hand a second.

"Set down, Jim, set down," said the farmer, heartily. "Any mails for us to-night?"

"Nothing."

What a strange smile passed over his face as he saw the sudden downward droop of Bessie Atterly's eyelashes—the quiver around her mouth!

"Nothin'! That's queer. You see our Bessie's feelin' kind o' worried 'cause she don't hear nothin' from Henry Ives."

"I got a long letter to-night from my cousin, who is in the same company, you know. He says—"

James Grayling paused, a little maliciously, to note the eager sparkle in Bessie's eyes as she leaned forward with reddening cheeks and intent look.

"*What* does he say?" she gasped.

"Well, I'm afraid you'll feel badly about it; but he says Harry Ives was captured, with half a dozen others, by a skirmishing party about a week before he wrote."

"Captured!"

"Yes; and that isn't all. He says they didn't half believe Harry Ives cared whether he was carried down South or not; for he had taken a great notion to some pretty girl down in Virginia—a planter's darter—and—"

"I don't believe it, James Grayling," said Bessie, springing to her feet, with flashing eyes and passion-crimsoned forehead; "I don't believe a word of it. You are repeating some vile falsehood."

"I knew you'd feel bad," said Grayling, with provoking mildness, "but I thought you ought to know how matters stood. I can show you Sam's letter, if that will be any more satisfactory. I never had much faith in Harry Ives—a careless, dashing fellow, who—"

"Hush! I will not listen to another word," ejaculated Bessie, angrily, and with a certain strange dignity in her girl-face and slender form.

"Mr. Atterly," said Grayling, still with aggravating moderation and calmness, "how long is it since your daughter received a letter from Harry Ives?"

"Well, it's a pretty consid'able spell," said the old farmer; "but letters *do* take time to reach us, you know."

"Yes, particularly when they are never sent," sneered Grayling.

"Father, don't listen to him," sobbed Bessie, passionately. "If the whole world were to tell me Harry Ives was untrue I would not believe them."

And Bessie fainted quietly away, with her chestnut braids of hair drooping over her father's knee.

Poor child! Could she but have foreseen the weary months of waiting for the letter which never came from the far-off Southern hills, the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, that were in store for her, she might have been sorry that she had not died, then and there, holding fast to that firm faith in Harry Ives's fidelity.

James Grayling, a crafty, patient man, bided his time. It came at last when the tender green of the hill-sides shriveled and grew brown under the starry, silent frosts of the bitter December nights, and the keen wind rushed with thunderous swell through the lonely pine-forests in these wild solitudes.

"Daughter, it's the dearest wish of my heart," said Farmer Atterly, solemnly, as he sat with Bessie in the old, silent room. "I'm gettin' well on in years; and if I could but see you married to some good and true man before I am taken away, I should rest easier in my grave. James Grayling has been almost a son to me these months of trial and trouble. He is coming for his final answer to-night. Let it be *Yes!*"

Bessie shuddered. That year of sick, wistful grief had changed her into a pale, fragile girl, with large, frightened eyes, ever roving from side to side, as if vainly seeking something which never came.

"Wait, father," she murmured, eagerly, as if pleading for sweet life itself: "wait a little longer—only a little longer!"

"I *have* waited, Bessie. It is a year and over since Henry Ives has sent you either word or message. He may be dead—better dead than a scoundrel!—but James Grayling has been as true as steel to me all this time. He deserves you, Bessie; and when you're once married you'll learn to love him. Shall we say this day month for your wedding, daughter?"

That night Bessie laid her cold hand in James Grayling's eager palm, and said "Yes," dreamily, to whatever he proposed. What had life left for her? As well be James Grayling's wife as any thing else, since God willed that she should live and suffer on, and the dreary path of years lay spread out before her listless feet!

The old smoke-stained walls were wreathed with feathery garlands of cedar and pine, with the scarlet berries of the mountain-ash glowing here and there; the great fire roared up the chimney with festive sound, and all the neighbors were gathered round Farmer Atterly's hearth-stone; for pretty Bessie was to be married that night.

"She don't look as a bride ought to, somehow," whispered Mrs. Deacon Jennings to her companion, Mahala Bird. "She seems to me jest like one o' them white snow-wreaths lyin' down in the holler yonder."

"Maybe it's that white dress," said Mahala; "but she *does* look like a corpse. Land o' Goshen! what be I a-sayin'? It ain't good luck to talk about corpses on a weddin'-night."

For the pretty bridemaids had just led Bessie in, robed in pure sheeny silk, with snowy geraniums in her hair, and not a vestige of color in her cheek.

"There! don't she look sweet?" said Susy Jennings. "Is it time to go into the parlor yet?"

"Massy, no, child!" said Mrs. Jennings; "not for an hour. Why, Jim Grayling hasn't come yet!"

So Bessie sat down in the midst of the assembled maids and matrons, and played with the white flowers in her bouquet, thinking, who knows of what? Perhaps a lonely grave under the cruel Southern stars—perhaps the fair face of the woman who had wiled her lover's heart away.

Somebody spoke to her; she looked up, and all of a sudden her frightened eyes traced a figure beyond the open door opposite to which she sat—a figure hurriedly pressing through the crowd.

"Where is she? I *will* see Bessie, wedding or no wedding! Who has a better right than I?"

The next moment the pale, white-robed bride lay like a fair, still statue in Henry Ives's arms.

"Stand off, I say!" he cried, fiercely. "Let no one come between me and the woman I love. I have earned her to be my wife—earned her by long months of pain and suffering—earned her by wounds upon the battle-field of the country she loved! Do you say she is to be married to James Grayling? What has James Grayling done with the letters I sent to his care?—with all the messages I intrusted to him? She had better be in her grave than married to James Grayling. Mr. Atterly, you are a just and a good man—judge between me and the treacherous fox I fancied was my *friend.*"

"Harry, Harry!" faltered the old man, "I never dreamed o' this. Tell us about it, my boy, for my old head swims."

And Harry Ives, still holding Bessie to his heart, revealed the story of his own truth and James Grayling's duplicity. When he had finished the impassioned recital, Moses Atterly clasped the brown, strong hand between his own horny palms, and said, solemnly:

"My boy, I ask your pardon for every doubt that ever crossed my mind, and I thank the merciful Providence that has spared Bessie from being Jim Grayling's wife. We were calculatin' to have a weddin' here to-night, and it isn't too late yet, if Harry hasn't no objections to bein' married in his soldier clothes!"

"Father!" interposed Bessie, rosy as a whole bouquet of carnations blended into one, but Harry took her hands into his, whispering,

"Love! I shall not feel secure until I can call you *wife*," and the remonstrance died away upon her lips.

"Are you all ready, Elder Wilkins?" said Moses, "'cause I b'lieve the young couple is!"

Ah! she looked like a bride *now*, with the hazel light burning in soft fires under her long curled lashes, and the carmine dyes coming and going upon her cheek, like a proud and happy bride.

The ceremony was scarcely over before the silver chime of sleigh-bells sounded at the door, and James Grayling's voice was heard exclaiming:

"I'm afraid I am a little late, but the horse sprained his leg, and I had to change him at Squire Warrenton's. However—"

"Yes, Jim Grayling, you *are* a little late," said Moses Atterly, taking a prodigious pinch of snuff; "for my darter's married already."

"Married!" ejaculated Grayling, as if half uncertain whether his intended father-in-law were not a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum.

"Yes—to Harry Ives!"

As James Grayling's bewildered eye caught sight in the brilliantly lighted rooms beyond of the young soldier bending his tall head to listen to some whispered word from Bessie, he turned a dull, dead yellow, and a chill dew broke out around his mouth.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"It means, Jim Grayling, that you're a scoundrel!" said the old man, with sudden fire flashing in his eyes. "There's the open door—leave this house before Harry Ives sets eyes on you, for he's a spirited lad, and mischief might come of it! And hark ye—never let me see your villainous face again!"

Silently, and like a wounded snake, James Grayling crept out into the chill darkness of the tempestuous night, a detected, disappointed man. And so effectually did he take Moses Atterly's advice, that the little village in the hollow knew his name and presence no more.

And Bessie Ives, the happiest little wife in the whole world, sings softly over her work, counting the days until, "when this cruel war is over," she shall welcome her soldier-husband back to the grand old pine forests of Maine once more.

THE FOURTEENTH AT GETTYSBURG.*

"COME, Fred, tell me all about that glorious fight which, you know, it was just my ill-luck to miss. If it had been such another whipping as we had at Fredericksburg, the Fates would probably have let me be there. I have heard several accounts, and know the regiment did nobly; but the boys all get so excited telling about it that I have not yet a clear idea of the fight."

"Here goes, then," said the Adjutant, lighting a fresh cigar. "It will serve to pass away time, which hangs so heavy on our hands in this dreary hospital."

"We were not engaged on the first day of the fight, July 1, 1863, but were on the march for Gettysburg that day. All the afternoon we heard the cannonading growing more and more distinct as we approached the town, and as we came on the field at night learned that the First and Eleventh corps had fought hard, suffered much, and been driven back outside the town with the loss of Major-General Reynolds, who, it was generally said, brought on an engagement too hastily with Lee's whole army. We bivouacked on the field that night.

"About nine o'clock the next morning we moved up to the front, and by ten o'clock the enemy's shells were falling around us. Captain Coit had a narrow escape here. We had just stacked arms and were resting, when a runaway horse, frightened by the shelling, came full tilt at him; 'twas 'heavy cavalry' against 'light infantry;' but Coit had presence of mind enough to draw his sword, and bringing it to a point it entered the animal's belly. The shock knocked Coit over, and he was picked up senseless with a terribly battered face, and carried to the rear."

"By-the-way, Fred, is it not singular that he should have recovered so quickly and completely from such a severe blow?"

"Indeed it is. He is as handsome as ever; but to go on. At four o'clock in the afternoon we moved up to support a battery, and here we lay all night. About dark Captain Broatch went out with the pickets. Though under artillery fire all day we were not really engaged, as we did not fire a gun. Some of our pickets, unfortunately going too far to the front, were taken prisoners during the night.

"At about five o'clock on the morning of the 3d Captain Townsend went out with companies B and D and relieved Broatch. As soon as he got out Townsend advanced his men as skirmishers some three hundred yards beyond the regiment, which moved up to the impromptu rifle-pits, which were formed partially by a stone-wall and partially by a rail fence. Just as soon as our skirmishers were posted they began firing at the rebel skirmishers, and kept it up all day, until the grand attack in the afternoon. Before they had been out twenty minutes, Corporal Huxham, of Company B, was instantly killed by a rebel bullet. It was not discovered until another of our skirmishers, getting out of ammunition, went up to him, saying, 'Sam, let me have some cartridges?' Receiving no answer, he stooped down and discovered that a bullet had entered the poor fellow's mouth and gone out at the back of his head, killing the brave, Chancellorsville-scarred, corporal so quickly that he never knew what hurt him. Presently Captain Moore was ordered down with four companies into a lot near by, to drive the rebel sharp-shooters out of a house and barn from whence they were constantly picking off our men. Moore went down on a double-quick, and, as usual, ahead of his men; he was first man in the barn, and as he entered the Butternuts were already jumping out. Moore and his men soon cleared the barn and then started for the house. Here that big sergeant in Company J (Norton) sprang in at the front door just in time to catch a bullet in his thigh, from a reb watching at the back; but that reb did not live long to brag of it, one of our boys taking him 'on the wing.' Moore soon cleared the house out and went back with his men. Later in the day the rebs again occupied the house, and Major Ellis took the regiment and drove them out, burning the house, so as not to be bothered by any more concealed sharp-shooters in it."

"Yes, I know the Major don't like to do a thing but once, so he always does it thoroughly the first time."

"It was in these charges for the possession of that house we lost more officers and men than in all the rest of the fight.

"About one o'clock in the afternoon the enemy, who had been silent so long that the boys were cooking coffee, smoking, sleeping, etc., suddenly opened all their batteries of reserve artillery upon the position held by our corps (the Second). First one great gun spoke, then, as if it had been the signal for the commencement of an artillery conversation, the whole hundred and twenty or more opened their mouths at once and poured out their thunder. A perfect storm of shot and shell rained around and among us. The boys quickly jumped to their rifles and lay down behind the wall and rail barricade. For two hours this storm of shot and shell continued, and seemed to increase in fury. Good God! I never heard any thing like it, and our regiment has been under fire 'somewhat,' as you know. The ground trembled like an aspen leaf; the air was full of small fragments of lead and iron from the shells. Then the sounds—there was the peculiar '*whoo?—whoo?—whoo-oo?*' of the round shot; the '*which-one?*'—'*which-one?*' of that fiendish Whitworth projectile, and the demoniac shriek of shells. It seemed as if all the devils in hell were holding high carnival. But, strange as it may seem, it was like many other 'sensation doings,' 'great cry and little wool,' as our regiment, and, in fact, the whole corps lost very few men by it, the missiles passing over beyond our position, save the Whitworth projectiles which did not quite reach us, as their single gun of that description was two miles off. Had the enemy had better artillerists at their guns, or a better view of our position, I can not say what would have been the final result; but certain it is, nothing mortal could have stood that fire long, had it been better directed, and if our corps had broken that day, Gettysburg would have been a lost battle, and General Lee, instead of Heintzelman, the commanding officer in this District of Columbia to-day.

"About three P.M. the enemy's fire slackened, died away, and the smoke lifted to disclose a corps of the rebel 'Grand Army of Northern Virginia,' advancing across the long level plain in our front, in three magnificent lines of battle, with the troops massed in close column by division on both flanks. How splendidly they looked! Our skirmishers, who had staid at their posts through all, gave them volley after volley as they came on, until Captain Townsend was ordered to bring his men in, which he did in admirable order; his men, loading and firing all the way, came in steadily and coolly—all that were left of them, for a good half of them were killed or wounded before they reached the regiment.

"On, on came the rebels, with colors flying and bayonets gleaming in the sunlight, keeping their lines as straight as if on parade: over fences and ditches they come, but still their lines never break, and still they come. For a moment all is hush along our lines, as we gaze in silent admiration at these brave rebs; then our division commander,

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* REBEL BATTLE-FLAGS CAPTURED.

First Tennessee, captured by the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Fourteenth Tennessee, captured by the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Sixteenth North Carolina Regiment, captured by the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Battle-flag, State not given, captured by the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers at Gettysburg, July 3.

Battle-flag, State not given, captured by the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers.

'Aleck Hayes,' rides up, and, pointing to the last fence the enemy must cross before reaching us, says, 'Don't fire till they get to that fence; then let 'em have.'

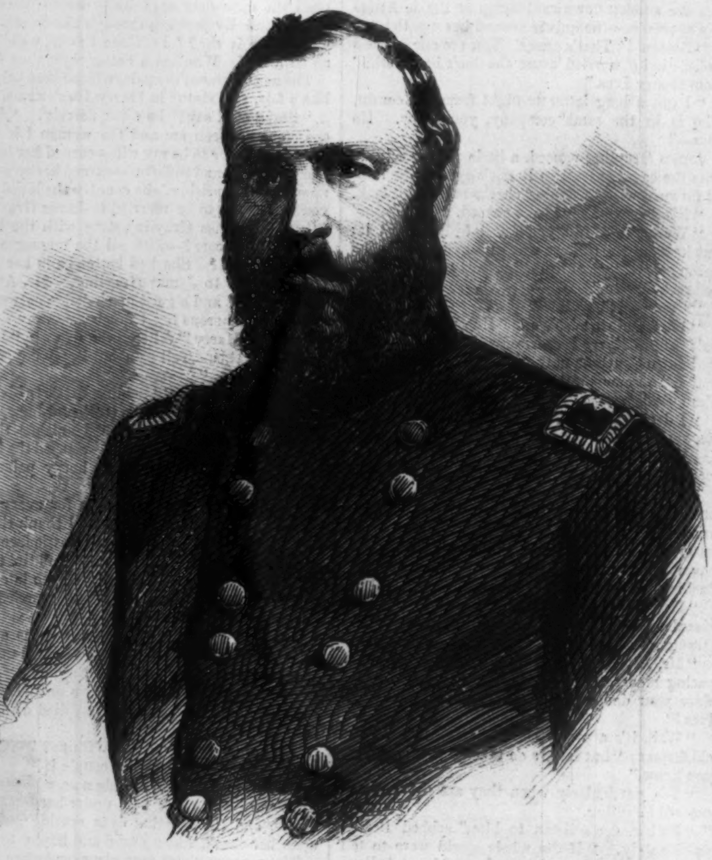
"On, on, come the rebs, till we can see the whites of their eyes, and hear their officers command, 'Steady, boys, steady!' They reach the fence, some hundred yards in front of us, when suddenly the command 'Fire!' rings down our line; and, rising as one man, the rifles of the old Second Army Corps ring a death-knell for many a brave heart, in butternut dress, worthy of a better cause—a knell that will ring in the hearts of many mothers, sisters, and wives, on many a plantation in the once fair and sunny South, where there will be weeping and wailing for the soldier who never returns, who sleeps at Gettysburg. 'Load and fire at will!' Oh Heaven! how we poured our fire into them then—a merciless hail of lead! Their first line wavers, breaks, and runs; some of their color sergeants halt and plant their standards firmly in the ground: they are too well disciplined to leave their colors yet. But they stop only for a moment; then fall back, colors and all. They fall back, but rally, and dress on the other lines, under a tremendous fire from our advancing rifles: rally, and come on again to meet their death. Line after line of rebels come up, deliver their fire, one volley, and they are mown down like the grass of the field. They fall back, form, and come up again, with their battle-flags still waving; but again they are driven back.

"On our right is a break in the line, where a battery has been in position, but, falling short of ammunition, and unable to move it off under such a heavy fire, the gunners have abandoned it to its fate. Some of the rebels gain a footing here. One daring fellow leaps upon the gun, and waves his rebel flag. In an instant a right oblique fire from 'ours,' and a left oblique from the regiment on the left of the position, rolls the ragged rebel and rebel rag in the dust, rolls the determined force back from the gun, and it is ours.

"By-and-by the enemy's lines come up smaller and thinner, break quicker, and are longer in forming. Our boys are wild with excitement, and grow reckless. Lieutenant John Tibbetts stands up yelling like mad, 'Give it to 'em! give it to 'em!' A bullet enters his arm—that same arm in which he caught two bullets at Antietam: Johnny's game arm drops by his side; he turns quickly to his First Lieutenant, saying, 'I have got another bullet in the same old arm, but I don't care a d——n!' Heaven forgive Johnny! rebel lead will sometimes bring rebel words with it. All of 'Ours' are carried away with excitement; the Sergeant-Major leaps a wall, dashes down among the rebs, and brings back a battle-flag; others follow our Sergeant-Major; and before the enemy's repulse becomes a rout we of the Fourteenth have six of their battle-flags.

"Prisoners are brought in by hundreds, officers and men. We pay no attention to them, being too busy sending our leaden messengers after the now flying hosts. One of our prisoners, a rebel officer, turns to me, saying, 'Where are the men we've been fighting?' 'Here,' I answer, pointing down our short thin line. 'Good God!' says he, 'is that all? I wish I could get back.'"

"Yes," I interrupted, "Townsend told me that when he fell back with his skirmishers and saw the whole length of our one small, thin, little line pitted against those then full lines of the rebels, his heart almost sank within him; but Meade had planned that battle well, and every one of our soldiers told."



DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, SURGEON-GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY.

"Yes," said Fred, "Meade planned the fight well, and Hancock, Hayes, and in fact all of them fought it well. All through the fight General Hancock might be seen galloping up and down the lines of our bully corps, regardless of the leaden hail all about him; and when finally severely wounded in the hip he was carried a little to the rear, where he lay on his stretcher and still gave his orders.

"The fight was now about over; there was only an occasional shot exchanged between the retreating rebel sharp-shooters and our own men, and I looked about me and took an account of stock. We had lost about seventy killed and wounded and taken prisoner, leaving only a hundred men fit for duty. We had killed treble that number, and taken nearly a brigade of prisoners; six stands of colors, and guns, swords, and pistols without number. For the first time we had been through an action without having an officer killed or fatally wounded, though Tibbetts, Seymour, Stoughton, Snagg, Seward, and Dudley were more or less seriously wounded, and Coit disabled.

"Hardly a man in the regiment had over two or three cartridges left. Dead and wounded rebels were piled up in heaps in front of us, especially in front of Companies A and B, where Sharpe's rifles had done effective work.

"It was a great victory. 'Fredericksburg on the other leg,' as the boys said. The rebel prisoners told us their leaders assured them that they would only meet the Pennsylvania militia; but when they saw that d—d ace of clubs (the trefoil badge of the Second Corps), a cry went through their lines—'the Army of the Potomac, by Heaven!'

"So ended the battle of Gettysburg, and the sun sank to rest that night on a battle-field that had proved that the Army of the Potomac could and would save the people of the North from invasion whenever and wherever they may be assailed.

"'Long shall the tale be told,
Yea, when our babes are old.'"

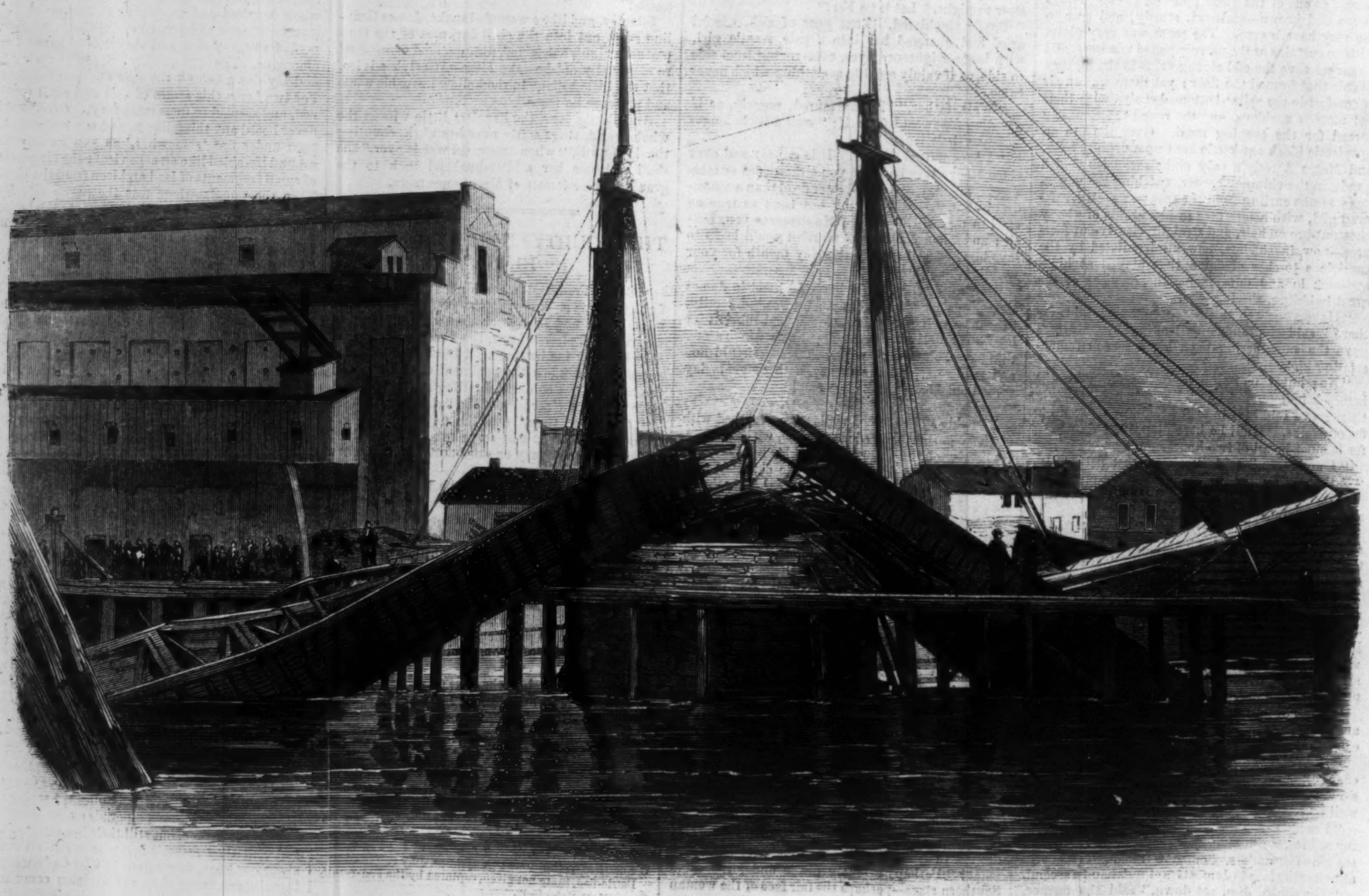
"Pshaw, Fred! you are getting sentimental. Let's go out in the air and have another cigar."

DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND,

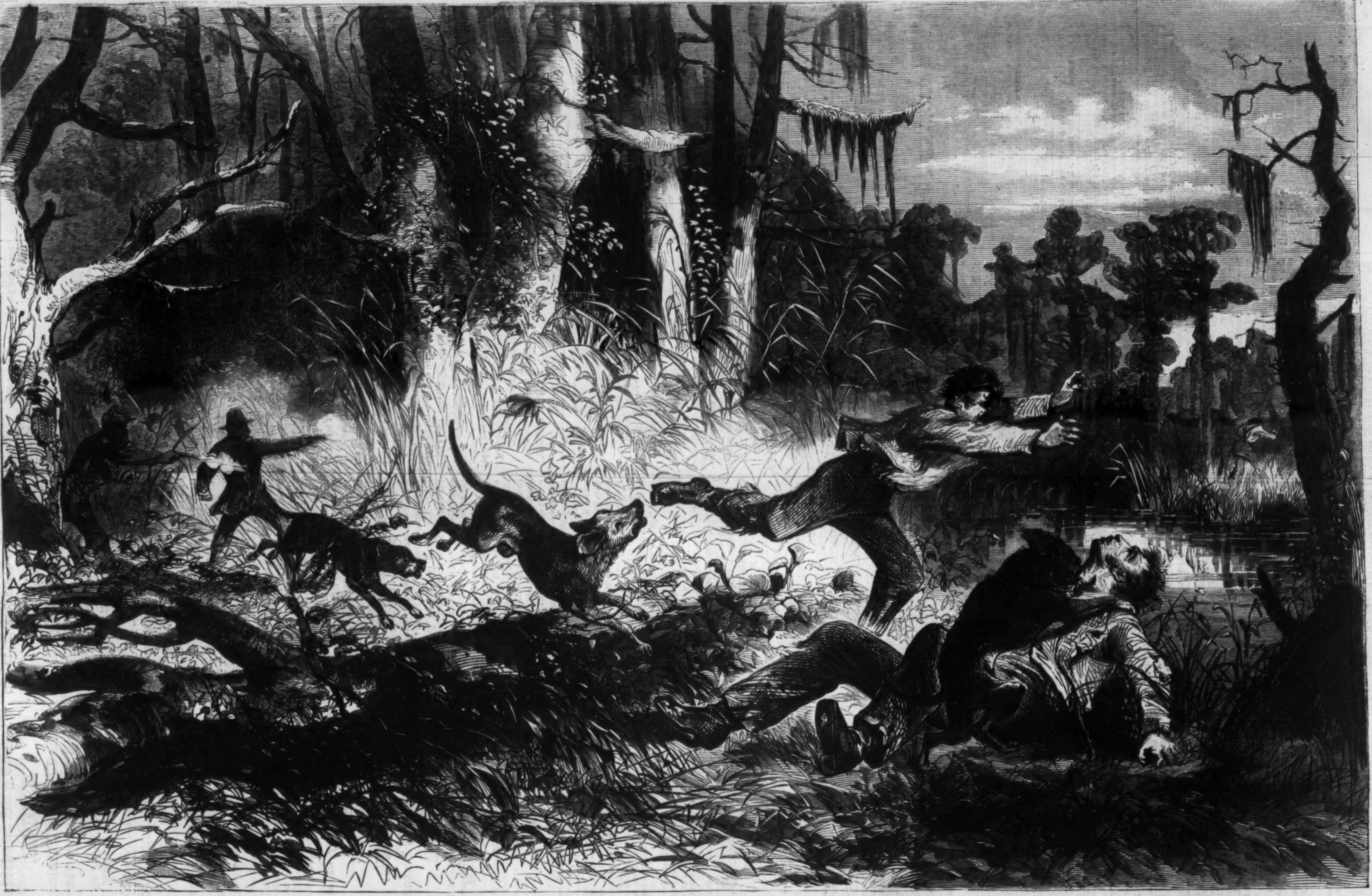
SURGEON-GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY.

Dr. William A. Hammond, the present Surgeon-General of the United States Army, whose portrait we give herewith, was born at Annapolis, Maryland, in 1828, and with his parents removed to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1832. At the age of sixteen he commenced the study of medicine with Dr. E. N. Roberts, of Harrisburg, and afterward attended lectures and graduated at the University of New York, in 1848. He then went to Philadelphia, and was engaged at the Pennsylvania Hospital until June 29, 1849, when he entered into the army. Ordered immediately upon duty to Santa Fé, New Mexico, he staid there three years, seeing much hard service and consequent exposure in the Indian wars, which brought on a functional disorder of the heart, and obliged him to retire from active service for a brief period. Upon his restoration to health he was sent to Florida for six months, then to West Point, from thence to Kansas and Fort Riley, where he remained for four years. As Medical Director he was on the Sioux Expedition, and in the same capacity on Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains. Returning East with a somewhat disordered constitution, he nevertheless applied himself to severe study, but was eventually forced to take a trip to Europe for the recovery of his health. While in Europe he studied the army medical systems, visited laboratories, hospitals, museums, military camps and posts, thus unconsciously preparing himself for his present position, and upon his return with recovered health, after a year spent at Mackinaw in the service, he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the University of Maryland, at Baltimore, and also officiated as Surgeon at Baltimore Infirmary, and Lecturer on Clinical Surgery. Resigning his commission in the army, he remained in the University for about six months, when the rebellion having broken out he promptly offered his services to the Government, and accepted a subordinate position far below that to which his eminent abilities justly entitled him. Again in active service with General Patterson at Hagerstown, he was placed in charge of the General Hospital, afterward at Fredericksburg, and Baltimore with General Banks: at the latter place he organized an admirable hospital, and from thence he was sent to Wheeling, Virginia, as Medical Purveyor, and Inspector of Hospitals for Generals Rosecrans and Frémont. While here he made a capital report, and submitted plans for field hospitals which brought him prominently before the Government, and upon the dismissal of Surgeon-General Finley, he was selected to fill that important post upon the 25th of April, 1862, although the eightieth on the list of medical officers.

Dr. Hammond's contributions to Medical literature have been extensive and varied, and have procured for him a high stand among his professional brethren. Too numerous to notice in the brief space allotted us, many of them were the results of actual experiment upon himself.



TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT THE RUSH STREET BRIDGE, CHICAGO.—From a Photograph by Alschuler.—[See Page 748.]



THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST—GUERRILLAS HUNTING UNION MEN WITH BLOOD-HOUNDS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BATTLE OF BRISTOE STATION.

CAMP NEAR WARRENTON, VIRGINIA, *Oct.* 31, 1863.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

In *Harper's Weekly* of November 7, 1863, is a representation of the battle of Bristoe Station. Your correspondent, Mr. Waud, says: "On a hill in his rear (Warren's) *Arnold's* Battery held a commanding position behind General Webb's Brigade—seen beyond the wind-mill pump, in front of a deserted camp."

That position was held by Ricketts's (Pennsylvania) Battery, Captain Arnold being over half a mile further down the railroad, and with the First Division, which brought up the rear. He did not get into position until the enemy's lines were broken.

Your correspondent doubtless did not intend to misrepresent the facts of the case, but has done evident injustice to Captain Ricketts.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
C. B. BROCKWAY,
First Lieutenant, Battery F, First Artillery, P. R. C.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I DON'T see," said Mrs. Partington, as Ike came home from school and threw his books into one chair, and his jacket into another, and his cap on the floor, saying that he didn't get the medal—"I don't see, dear, why you didn't get the medal, for certainly a more meddlesome boy I never knew. But no matter, when the adversary comes round again you will get it."

Cardinal Alberoni had a large quantity of silver plate, and among other articles he possessed various salt-cellars, wrought in the form of different animals. A friend of his eminence borrowed a salt-cellar made in the shape of a tiger, but forgot to return it for some time. At length, after the lapse of some six or seven months, he sent it back, requesting at the same time the loan of another in the shape of a tortoise. The Cardinal desired to see the person who had brought the message. "You are sent," said he, "by the signor to borrow one of my salt-cellars?" "Yes, your eminence; I am his steward. "You will be good enough to tell your master that I lent him one in the form of a tiger, which is one of the swiftest animals on the earth, and it has been more than six months in returning; were I to lend him the tortoise, which is the slowest of animals, I fear it would never return."

Many proverbs admit of contradiction, as witness the following: "The more the merrier." Not so—one hand is enough in a purse. "Nothing but what has an end." Not so—a ring has none, for it is round. "Money is a great comfort." Not when it brings a thief to the gallows. "The world is a long journey." Not so—the sun goes over it in a day. "It is a great way to the bottom of the sea." Not so—it is but a stone's cast. "A friend is best found in adversity." Not so—for then there is none to be found. "The pride of the rich makes the labor of the poor." Not so—the labor of the poor makes the pride of the rich.

A gentleman who had married a second time indulged in recurring so often in conversation to the beauties and virtues of his first consort. He had, however, barely discernment enough to discover that the subject was not an agreeable one to his present lady. "Excuse me, Madam," said he, "I can not help expressing my regrets for the dear deceased." "Upon my honor," said the lady, "I can most heartily affirm that I am as sincere a mourner for her as you can be."

SENSITIVE.—A gentleman observed an urchin who had a large slice of bread in his hand, and who was crying very bitterly. "My son," he exclaimed, "what are you crying about?" "Mother won't—boo-hoo-oo—put any butter on my bread—boo-hoo-oo!" "Oh, is that all?" said the gentleman. "Come, dry up your tears and be a man." "It ain't so much the butter," retorted the little urchin; "it's the disposition of the old woman."

"How is Europe bounded?" said a teacher to one of his little pupils. "I, thou, he, she, it," was the reply. "For shame, Johnny! Try again." "Oh, please, Sir, I remember now; that is the answer to one of my grammar questions, and I thought I was to be heard my grammar first."

"You say, Mr. Jay, that you saw the plaintiff leave the house. Was it in haste?" "Yes, Sir." "Do you know what caused the haste?" "I'm not sartin; but I think it was the boot of Mr. Stubbs, the gentleman he boards with." "That will do, Mr. Jay. Clerk, call the next witness."

"I'll take the shine out of you," as the eclipse said to the moon.

"You be hanged," as the washer-woman said to the clothes.

"I am transported to see you," as the convict said to the kangaroo.

"We *prey* for meat," as the foxes remarked when they jumped into the poultry yard.

"What blessings children are!" as the registrar observed when he took the fees for registering them.

A judge in India is reported to have thus addressed a person convicted before him, prior to passing sentence: "Prisoner at the bar, Providence has given you a good degree of health and strength, *instead of which* you go about the country stealing ducks."

Women should remember that men would often ring their tender fingers only to wring their tender hearts.

It is said that the pig ran away from the butcher because he had heard that prevention is better than *cure*.

Two boatmen were talking at Brighton the other day, when one asked the other whether the Prince of Wales ever went to church. "Lord bless you!" said he, "what should he go to church for? We, poor souls, are obliged to pray for ourselves, but there are enough to pray for him."

Joannes Scotus, being in company with Charles the Bald, King of France, that monarch merrily said, "What is the difference between a Scot and a sot?" Scotus, who sat opposite the King, said, "Only the breadth of the table."

A person who looks at the world in somewhat gloomy colors, recently complained in M. Auber's presence how hard it was that people must grow old. "Hard as it is," replied the veteran composer, "it seems to be the only means yet discovered of enjoying long life."

A Yankee has invented a rat exterminator, consisting of a sort of powder snuff. The animal jerks his head off at the *third sneeze!*

"Why don't you wheel the barrow of coals, Ned?" said a miner to one of his sons. "It's not a very hard job; there's an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ah!" replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work; "the plane may be inclined but I am not."

What commodity is always afforded at cost?—The law.

In what circumstances is a woman that wears stays?—Straitened circumstances.

The young fellow who makes engagements with the ladies only to break them off is a beau of promise.

A LEGAL OPINION.—It is not libelous to call a man who has kicked you down stairs, a *free-booter*.

ADVICE TO BOYS.—Don't steal your mother's preserves. It is a *sirup*-titious business, and may lead to all *manna* of wickedness.

A wonderful story-teller, addicted to humming an air, beginning "Strike the Lyre," was much surprised when one of his acquaintances, taking him at his word, knocked him down.

At a spiritual circle the other evening a gentleman requested the medium to ask what amusement was most popular in the spiritual world. The reply was, "Reading our own obituary notices."

A gentleman who was in arrears for several weeks' board and lodging, complained one morning that his coffee was not settled. "You had better settle for the coffee and then complain," said the landlady.

If a man has but one eye, let him get a wife, and she will be his other I.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Baldness.

BOSTON, November 24, 1859.

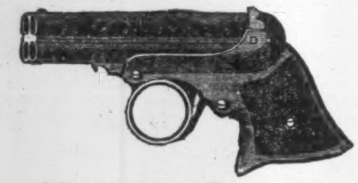
Gentlemen: When I first used your Cocoaine, I had been bald seven years. In the mean time I had tried a dozen different preparations, specially recommended for baldness (and all claiming to be infallible), without any beneficial effect.

The ladies of my household urged me to try your Cocoaine, which I did, to please them, not having, myself, any faith in the power of man to restore my hair. I have used the contents of one bottle, and my bald pate is covered all over with young hair, about three-eighths of an inch long, which appears strong and healthy, and determined to grow.

In a word, your Cocoaine is excellent—the best preparation for the hair I have ever known, and the only one which accomplishes more than it promises.

Very truly your obliged and obedient servant,
D. T. MERWIN.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston.



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Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, effective, sure, and reliable Revolvers made. Carry large balls (No. 32 cartridge), are rapidly loaded and fired—conveniently carried in the vest—whole length five inches—four barrrels—each rifled gain twist. The Trade supplied.
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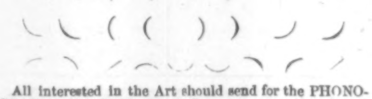

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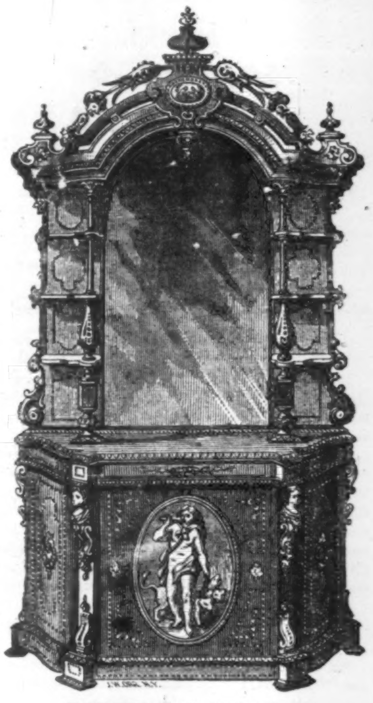

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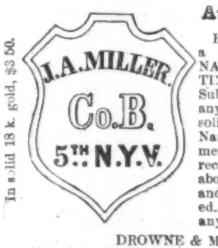
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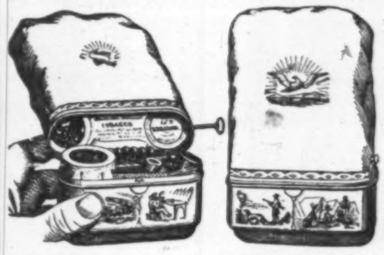

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